

Samuel A. Brock
COLLECTION
O F
H Y M N S,

PRINCIPALLY DESIGN'D FOR THE USE OF THE
CONGREGATION
ASSEMBLING AT
CUMBERLAND-CHAPEL,
I N
CUMBERLAND-STREET, SHOREDITCH,
L O N D O N.

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HALLE, IN SAXONY.

*Sing ye praises with understanding:
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.*

L O N D O N:

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P R E F A C E.

CHAUNTING forth the praises of Immanuel, is the blessed employment of glorified Spirits in the bright realms of Bliss; and will this be our employment in an eternal World also? and shall we not begin whilst here below? Surely when we consider the Mercies of God, in Creation and Providence, we shall be constrain'd to praise him; but when we contemplate the Redemption of our Souls, by the effusion of the Blood of Jesus, the means of Grace afforded us here below, and the blessed hope we have of everlasting Glory, we must say, Let every faculty of the Soul, and every Member of the Body praise the Lord.

Shall the feather'd Choir warble forth their grateful lays to him, who by his providence sustains them? Shall the wild beasts of the forest in their degree praise the Lord; and we remain silent? No! Whilst we have any being, may it be our delight to praise him, with our expiring breath, may we extol his loving kindness, and in an eternal World, may it be our happiness to sing; "Worthy is the Lamb."

To assist the ransom'd of the Lord in this part of their Devotion, I have selected and now send forth the following Collection of Hymns; I have endeavour'd to select them from the most eminent Authors, and have rang'd them under a variety of Heads, in order, that Hymns suited to any peculiar subject might be found with greater ease: When they are miscellaneously plac'd, no wonder, if after a long search, a person remains still unable to find

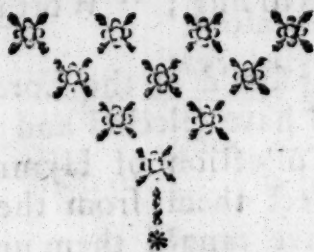
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find what he is in quest of; in this Collection I think no one can fail—If he wants to find a Hymn treating upon the perfection of the Scriptures, or the faithfulness of God in them, let him turn to the Title *On the Scripture*, and he will find what he wants, or if he seeks a Hymn upon the Providence of God, let him turn to the Title *On Providence*, and his wants are satisfied; or if he wants a Hymn applicable to, or under Trials, Temptations and Difficulties, by turning to the Title *On Conflict*, he can soon find this want redress'd also: I apprehend, I have not omitted one leading Doctrine of the Gospel, and have plac'd them in that natural order; which may be observ'd in the Table of Contents.

Oh! that God may smile on this feeble Attempt to promote his Glory; and may such as use this Collection, find it profitable to them, in the Closet, in the Family, and in the House of God.

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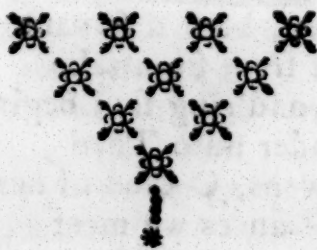
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6 JUL 61



A COL.

A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS, &c.

On the SCRIPTURE.

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The Faithfulness of God in his Word.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as He please.

2 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the heavens abroad.

A

3. Whence

2 S C R I P T U R E .

- 3 Whence then should fears or doubts arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 4 Oh ! for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty faith !
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 5 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break ;
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

H Y M N II.

The Light and Glory of the Word.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to fight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The Hand that gave it still supplies,
The gracious light and heart ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let

S C R I P T U R E.

3

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine !
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine,
With beams of heav'nly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love ;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

H Y M N III.

The Word of God more precious than Gold.

1 **P**RECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford ?
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and Med'cine, Shield and Sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloy :
On a dying Christ I feed,
Here is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing Med'cines here I find :
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In

4 S C R I P T U R E.

- 4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield ;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty Shield.
While the Scripture truths endure,
From his malice I'm secure.
- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's Sword ;
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word ;
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and sharp the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser
Doating on his golden store ?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor :
Jesus gives me in his word,
Food and Med'cine, Shield and Sword.

H Y M N IV.

The Perfection of Scripture.

- 1 **L**ET all the Heathen writers join
To form one perfect book ;
Great God, if once compar'd to thine,
How mean their writings look !
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could shew one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave,
But thine conduct to Heaven.

SCRIPTURE.

5

- 3 Thy precepts then may we survey,
And keep thy laws in fight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form our actions right.
- 4 Great is their peace who love thy law ;
How firm their souls abide !
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.
- 5 Thy word is like a heavenly light,
That guides them all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead their way.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

H Y M N V.

The Scriptures.

- 1 **S**AY christian ; wouldst thou thrive
In knowledge of thy Lord ?
Against no scripture ever strive ;
But tremble at his word.
- 2 Revere the sacred page.
To injure any part
Betrays, with blind and feeble rage,
A hard and haughty heart.

B 3

3 If

6 S C R I P T U R E.

- 3 If ought there dark appear,
 Bewail thy want of sight :
No imperfection can be there :
 For all God's words are right.
- 4 The Scriptures and the Lord
 Bear one tremendous name :
The written, and th' incarnate Word
 In all things are the same.
- 5 For Jesus is the truth,
 As well as life and way.
The two-edg'd sword that's in his mouth,
 Shall all proud reas'ners slay.
- 6 Why dost thou call him Lord ;
 And what he says resist ?
The soul that stumbles at the word,
 Offended is at Christ.
- 7 The thoughts of man are lies ;
 The word of God is true :
To bow to *that* is to be wise ;
 Then hear, and fear, and do.

H Y M N VI.

The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines ?
For ever be thy name ador'd
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here,

DIVINE ESSENCE. 7

- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimers sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

On the DIVINE ESSENCE.

H Y M N VII.

The Heavens declare the Being and Glory of God.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon

8 DIVINE ESSENCE.

- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though, in solemn silence, all,
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found.
- 6 In reasons ear, they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
The Hand that made us is Divine.

H Y M N VIII.

The Voice of the Creatures.

- 1 **T**HERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and
skies :
See from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light,
His mighty maker's glorious name.

3 Diffusing

DIVINE ESSENCE. 9

- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around ;
And fruitful fields and verdant meads ;
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.

- 4 Almighty goodness, power divine,
The fields and verdant meads display,
And bless the hand, which made them shine,
With various charms profusely gay.

- 5 For man and beast, here, daily food,
In wide diffusive plenty grows,
And there, for drink, the crystal flood,
In streams sweet winding, gently flows.

- 6 By coo'ing streams and softening showers,
The vegetable race are fed ;
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
Their maker's bounty smiling spread.

- 7 The flowery tribes, all blooming rise
Above the weak attempts of art,
Their bright inimitable dyes,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

- 8 Ye curious minds who roam abroad,
And trace creations wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God,
And bow before him and adore.

H Y M N IX.

The Creator and Creatures.

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One ;
Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
Confess the Infinite unknown.

10 DIVINE ESSENCE.

- 2 From thy Great Self thy being springs ;
Thou art thine own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficiency bears them all.
- 3 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine ;
But nothing like thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 4 Still restless nature dies and grows ;
From change to change the creatures run ;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are One.
- 5 A glance of thine runs thro' the globes,
Rules the bright worlds and moves their frame,
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes ;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.
- 6 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms ;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling place of worms.
- 7 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace,
Beneath thy feet we lye so far,
And see but shadows of thy face ?
- 8 Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might :
None but thy word can speak thy name.

H Y M N

DIVINE ESSENCE. 11

H Y M N X.

God's eternal Dominion.

- 1 **G**REAT God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears,
To Thee there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

H Y M N

12 DIVINE ESSENCE.

H Y M N XI.

God supreme and self-sufficient.

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, or angels teach ;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall
They are too dark, and he too bright ;
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wond'rous word, and lo,
Creation rose at his command !
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand !
- 4 There rests the earth, there rolls the spheres ;
There nature leans and feels her prop ;
But his own self-sufficiency bears,
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meas'ring their changes by the moon :
No ebb his sea of glory knows ;
His age is one eternal moon.
- 6 Then fly, my song, in endless round,
The lofty tune let Michael raise ;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

H Y M N

DIVINE ESSENCE. 13

H Y M N XII.

God only known to himself.

- 1 **S**TAND and adore ! how glorious he
That dwells in bright eternity !
We gaze, and we confound our sight,
Plung'd in th' abyfs of dazzling light.
- 2 Thou sacred One Almighty Three,
Great everlasting Myſtery,
What lofty numbers ſhall we frame,
Equal to thy tremendous name.
- 3 Seraphs, the neareſt to the throne,
Begin, and ſpeak the great Unknown,
Attempt the ſong, wind up your ſtrings,
To notes untry'd, and boundleſs things.
- 4 You, whoſe capacious pow'rs ſurvey,
Largely beyond our eyes of clay ;
Yet what a narrow portion too,
Is ſeen, or known, or thought by you.
- 5 How flat your higheſt praiſes fall
Below th' immense Original,
Weak creatures we that ſtrive in vain,
To reach an uncreated ſtrain.
- 6 Great God, forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praiſe ;
A ſong ſo vaſt, a theme ſo high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the ſky.

14 DIVINE ESSENCE.

H Y M N XIII.

To the Great I AM.

- 1 **T**O thee, thou great Almighty King,
My soul with all the earth shall bow;
With trembling, I thy praises sing,
Thou present and eternal Now.
Thou out of Nothing All hast made,
Thou form'st the seas, and spread'st the skies,
But—"let it be,"—th' Almighty said,
And strait created wonders rise.
- 2 While millions fall before thy throne,
With Hallelujahs to the Lamb,
Thee too my favour'd soul would own,
And blest thy name, thou great I AM.
Blest'd be the love that spread on earth,
Such beauteous forms to pleasure man,
That gave to teeming nature birth,
Form'd from his own eternal plan.
- 3 Blest'd be the Love that left his Throne,
To ransom sinners with his blood,
That came to seek and save his own,
And in our place of vengeance stood.
Blest'd be the love that comes to seal,
The blood-bought pardon on my heart,
That tells, when earthly houses fail,
I in his mansions have a part.
- 4 Thus blest I the I AM, I love,
Yet here mere mortal strains I raise,
But when I join the harps above,
My tongue shall sound immortal praise;

To

DIVINE ESSENCE. 15

To thee, Jehovah, Father, Son,
And Spirit, equal glory be,
Divine Three Persons, Essence One,
All hail mysterious Trinity.

H Y M N XIV.

The Infinite.

- 1 **S**OME seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song,
To our eternal King.
- 2 Thy names, how infinite they be,
Great everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.
- 3 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.
- 4 Thine Essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 5 The myst'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds,
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.

16 A T T R I B U T E S.

6 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

7 In vain our haughty reason swel's,
For nothing's found in thee !
But boundless unconceivables,
And vast eternity,

On the DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

H Y M N XV.

The Eternity of God.

1 **T**HOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race,
Before the ample elements,
Fill'd up the voids of space.

2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe,
In fluid air was stay'd ;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd.

3 E're men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name,
Thy bl'ss, O sacred spring of life,
And glory was the same.

4 And when the pillars of the world,
With sudden ruin break ;
And all this vast, and goodly frame,
Sinks in the mighty wreck.

5 When

A T T R I B U T E S. 17

5 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back;
While all the trembling starry lamps,
Their ancient course forsake.

6 For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

H Y M N XVI.

The Greatness of God.

1 **G**REAT is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
We'll sing the honours of his throne,
His works of grace repeat.

2 Thy grace shall dwell upon our tongues,
And while our lips rejoice;
The men that hear our sacred songs,
Shall join their chearful voice.

3 Fathers to sons, shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

4 Thy stubborn foes thy sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
They fought his aid in vain.

18 A T T R I B U T E S.

- 5 He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And, their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.
- 6 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim,
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

H Y M N XVII.

The Greatness and Goodness of God.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines, with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals his smiling face,
His truth and promise seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs,
His power is sovereign to fulfil,
The noblest councils of his will.
- 4 And will Jehovah condescend,
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join,
Heaven's secure, if God be mine.

H Y M N

ATTRIBUTES. 19

HYMN XVIII.

The Omnipresence of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In Hell, they meet thy dreadful fire,
In Heaven, thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should we suppress our vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
- 3 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
We fly beyond the west,
Thy hand which must support our flight,
Would soon betray our rest.
- 4 If o'er our sins we think to draw
The curtains of the night;
Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour
Are both alike to thee,
O may we ne'er provoke that power,
From which we cannot flee,

HYMN

20 A T T R I B U T E S.

H Y M N XIX.

God is every where.

- 1 **I**N all our vast concerns with thee,
In vain our souls would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys
Our rising and our rest ;
Our public walks, our private ways,
And secrets of our breast.
- 3 Our thoughts lye open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere our lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense we mean.
- 4 O wonderful knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms we lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround us still,
And like a bulwark prove ;
To guard our souls from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

H Y M N

H Y M N XX.

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

- 1 **H**OW most exact is nature's frame,
How wise th' eternal mind,
His counsels never change the scheme,
That his first thoughts design'd.
- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought ;
How glorious in our sight,
And men, in ev'ry age, have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 When he redeem'd his chosen sons
He fix'd his cov'nant sure,
The orders, that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.
- 4 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim :
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name ?
- 5 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill,
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXI.

The Condescension of God.

- 1 **E**TERNAL power, Almighty God !
Who can approach thy throne ?
Accessless light is thy abode,
To angels eyes unknown.
- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.
- 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below ?
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe.
- 4 But oh ! to shew thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near,
Amazing and transporting grace
To dwell with mortals here.
- 5 How strange ! how awful is thy love !
With trembling we adore,
Not all th' exalted minds above,
Its wonders can explore.
- 6 While golden harps, and angels tongues,
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise, and mean thy praise.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXII.

Forbearance.

- 1 **L**ORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell !
Still doth thy good Spirit strive,
With the chief of sinners dwell !
Yes ; I still lift up my eyes,
Will not of thy love despair ;
Still, in spite of sin, I rise,
Still to call thee mine, I dare !
- 2 Oh ! the length and breadth of love,
Jesu, Saviour, can it be !
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All its depth is seen in me :
Oh ! the miracle of grace !
Tell it out, to sinners tell,
Fiends, and men, and angels gaze,
I am, I am out of hell !
- 3 Turn aside, a sight t'admire,
I the living wonder am !
See a bush that burns with fire
Unconsum'd amid'ft the flame !
See a stone that hangs in air !
See a spark in oceans dwell !
Kept alive with death so near !
I am, I am out of hell !

H Y M N

H Y M N XXIII.

The Faithfulness of God in his Promises.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men ;
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal bras,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 Oh ! might we hear thine heav'nly tongue
But whisper thou art mine,
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
- 6 How would our leaping hearts rejoice,
And think our heav'n secure !
Give us to hear thy gracious voice,
And faith desires no more.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXIV.

Forbearance.

- 1 **A**ND are we wretches still alive?
And do we yet rebel!
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears up us from hell.
- 2 The burthen of our weighty guilt,
Would sink us down to flames;
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, forbear,
And strait the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace!
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
Oh! that our hearts may bleed to prove,
What rebels we have been!
- 5 No more our lusts, may ye command,
No more may we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

D

H Y M N

H Y M N XXV.

Love.

- 1 **O** Love divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my longing heart
 All taken up by thee ?
 I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
- 2 God only knows the love of God ;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine,
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.
- 3 O that I could for ever sit,
 With Mary, at the master's feet,
 Be this my happy choice ;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 4 Thy precious love do I require,
 Nothing on earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in heav'n above :
 Let earth and heav'n, and all things go,
 Give me thy precious love to know,
 Give me thy precious love.

HYMN

H Y M N XXVI.

The Same.

- 1 **O** Love, I languish at thy stay,
I pine for thee with ling'ring smart,
Weary and faint, thro' long delay,
When wilt thou come into my heart,
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee?
- 2 Come, O thou universal good,
Balm of the wounded conscience, come,
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home,
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin.
- 3 Be thou, O love, whate'er I want,
Support my feebleness of mind,
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind;
The mournful chear, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
- 4 Come, O my comfort and delight,
My strength and health, my shield and sun,
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown,
My gospel hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

28 A T T R I B U T E S.

- 5 The secret of the Lord thou art,
 The mystery so long unknown,
 Christ in the humble sinner's heart,
 The name inscrib'd in the white stone,
 The life divine, the little leav'n,
 My precious pearl, my present heav'n.

H Y M N XXVII.

The Same.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down ;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breath, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast ;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest :
 Take away the pow'r of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave :

Thee

A T T R I B U T E S. 29

Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.

- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation
 Perfectly restor'd by thee :
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

H Y M N XXVIII.

Immutability.

- 1 **W**HO shall thy people, Lord, remove
 From thy divine unchanging love ?
 Or what shall o'er their faith prevail,
 To make thy settled purpose fail ?
- 2 Shall tribulation, or distress,
 Famine, or cold, or nakedness ?
 Or shall the persecutor's sword
 Turn them from following Christ the Lord ?
- 3 Nay, this we have upon record,
 For thy dear sake, O Christ our Lord,
 Lo, we are killed all the day,
 And counted as the sheep to slay.

- 4 Yet more than conquerors are we,
Through him that lov'd our souls so free;
For thro' the fire, and thro' the flood,
He'll bring us safely home to God.
- 5 Yea, this we are persuaded still,
That life, nor death, nor good, nor ill,
Angels, nor men, nor pow'rs of hell,
Shall e'er our heav'nly hopes expel.
- 6 Nor height, nor depth, nor aught beside,
Shall ever Christ from us divide;
Or turn away the love of God
From souls made white by Jesu's blood.

On the T R I N I T Y.

H Y M N XXIX.

- 1 **G**OD of unexhausted grace,
Of everlasting love,
Overpow'r'd before thy face,
I fall, and dare not move:
What hast thou for sinners done,
For so poor a worm as me!
Thou hast giv'n thine only Son,
To bring us back to thee!

- 2 Suff'ring, sin-atonig God,
Thy hallow'd name I bless;
Jesus, lavish of thy blood,
To buy the sinner's peace!
Gushing from thy sacred veins,
Let it now my soul o'erflow;
Purge out all my sinful stains,
And wash me white as snow.

- 3 Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
 The life of Jesus breathe,
 The deep things of God reveal,
 Apply my Saviour's death:
 With the Father, and the Son,
 Soon as one in thee I am;
 All my nature shall make known
 The glories of the Lamb.

H Y M N XXX.

- 1 **L**IVE our great God on high
 Eternally ador'd,
 Who gave his Son to die,
 Our dear redeeming Lord,
 He from his throne and bosom gave,
 A world, a sinful world to save.
- 2 Worship, and praise, and pow'r,
 Ascribe we to the Lamb;
 His bleeding wounds adore,
 And kiss his precious name;
 Jesus, the name to sinners giv'n,
 The name that lifts us up to heav'n.
- 3 That blessed Spirit praise,
 Who shews th' atoning blood,
 Applies the Saviour's grace,
 And seals the sons of God:
 Spirit of grace, and glory too,
 He claims eternal praise his due.

- 4 We with our friends above,
 When time and death shall end,
 In extacies of love,
 An heav'nly life shall spend;
 Spend in the great Jehovah's praise
 An age of everlasting days.

H Y M N XXXI.

- 1 **H**AIL holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be endless praise to thee;
 Supreme, essential, One ador'd,
 In co-eternal Three.
- 2 Enthron'd in everlasting state,
 Ere time its round began;
 Who join'd in council to create
 The dignity of man.
- 3 All that the name of creature owns
 To thee in hymns aspire;
 May we, as angels, on our thrones,
 For ever join the choir.
- 4 Hail holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be endless praise to thee;
 Supreme, essential, One ador'd,
 In co-eternal Three.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 **T**O our Almighty gracious God,
New honours be addressed,
Whose great salvation shines abroad,
To make all nations blessed ;
He looks upon us in his Son,
Who brought from heav'n salvation down,
And grace to men proclaim'd.
- 2 To thee we come and humbly bow,
Great Lord of the creation ;
Whose boundless empire ne'er will know,
Or end or variation :
Thy pow'r is endless as thy praise ;
Thou speak'st ; the universe obeys,
On thee depend all creatures.
- 3 Blest Jesus, only Son of God,
On earth of tragic story ;
Our ransom is thy precious blood,
Thy shameful cross our glory ;
Sweet suff'ring Lamb, now King of kings,
And Lord of all created things,
Extend to us thy mercy.
- 4 O Holy Ghost ! our sov'reign good,
And highest consolation ;
What Jesus ransom'd with his blood,
Preserve thou to salvation.
'Tis thou who bring'st us unto Christ ;
'Tis thou his precious blood apply'st ;
In thee we have affiance.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues :
Sinners from his free love derive,
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye faints, employ your breath,
In honor to the son,
Who brought your souls from hell and death,
By offering up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

H Y M N XXXIV.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Father, and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God !
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We

TRINITY.

35

3 We give the sacred spirit praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living streams of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore :
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

H Y M N XXXV.

A Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity.

1 **I** Give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above :
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood,
From everlasting woe ;
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To

- 3 To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new creating power
 Makes the dead finner live ;
 His work completes
 The great design,
 And fills the soul
 With joy divine.

- 4 Almighty God ! to thee
 Be endless honors done,
 The undivided Three,
 And the myſterious One ;
 Where reason fails
 With all her pow'rs,
 There faith prevails
 And love adores.

On the D E C R E E S of G O D.

H Y M N XXXVI.

- 1 **L**ONG ere the ſun ſhot forth his beams,
 Or moon devolv'd her ſilver ſtreams,
 Salvation's ſcheme was fix'd, 'twas done,
 In cov'nant 'twixt the Three in One.
- 2 The Father ſpake, the Son reply'd,
 The Spirit with them both comply'd ;
 Grace mov'd the cauſe for ſaving man,
 And wiſdom drew the noble plan.
- 3 The Father choſe his only Son
 To die for ſins that man had done ;
 Emmanuel to the choice agreed,
 And thus we're ſav'd in Chriſt, our head.

- 4 Work in the Counsel had no place ;
'Twas all perform'd by sov'reign grace :
Work was a stranger then at court ;
'Twas grace alone salvation wrought.
- 5 Ev'n Paul himself must say, " Not I,"
'Tis Grace the blessing doth apply :
We're call'd ; but now, by Grace divine,
Purpos'd above ; 'twas God's design.
- 6 Salvation free, and Grace was giv'n,
In Christ, our Guardian, now in heav'n,
Who freely will the same impart
To all th' Elect renew'd in heart.
- 7 He sends his spirit from above
To call the objects of his love ;
Not one must perish, none be lost,
His blood has bought them, dear they cost.
- 8 What heights, what depths, what breadths of
 grace !
Wonder, believer, shout, and praise ;
Yea, wonder still, here's room, admire :
Oh ! that our breast were all on fire.
- 9 Inflam'd with gratitude and love
To Father, Son, and Jordan's Dove ;
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Who all these glorious acts hath done.

H Y M N XXXVII.

God's Dominion and Decrees,

- 1 **K** EEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod,
'The muse stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Th' Almighty voice bid ancient night
Her endless realms resign,
And, lo ! ten thousand globes of light,
In fields of azure shine.
- 4 Now wisdom, with superior sway,
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of being pay.
Deep rev'rence to his name.
- 5 He spake ; the sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day,
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.
- 6 Lord of the armies of the sky
He marshalls all the stars,
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

P A R T

P A R T II.

7 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

8 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.

9 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And on the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

10 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

11 My God, I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

12 In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

Election.

- 1 **M**IGHTY enemies without,
 Much mightier within,
 'T'hougts we cannot quell nor rout,
 Blasphemously obscene ;
 Coldness, unbelief, and pride,
 Hell, and all its murd'rous train,
 Threaten death on ev'ry side,
 And have their thousands slain.
- 2 Thus pursu'd, and thus distress'd,
 Ah ! whither shall we fly ?
 To obtain the promis'd rest,
 On what sure hand rely ?
 Shall the Christian trust his heart ?
 That, alas ! of foes the worst,
 Always takes the tempter's part,
 Nay, often tempts him first.
- 3 If to day we be sincere,
 And can both watch and pray ;
 Watchfulness, perhaps, and pray'r
 Tomorrow may decay.
 If we now believe aright,
 Faithfulness is God's alone :
 We are feeble, fickle, light
 To changes ever prone.
- 4 But we build upon a base
 That nothing can remove,
 When we trust electing grace,
 And everlasting love ;

Vict'ry

DECREES.

41

Vict'ry over all our foes
 Christ has purchas'd with his blood,
 Perseverance he bestows
 On every Child of God.

H Y M N XXXIX.

The Same.

1 **B**RETHREN, would you know your stay?
 What it is supports you still?
 Why, tho' tempted ev'ry day,
 Yet you stand, and stand you will?
 Long before our birth,
 Nay, before Jehovah laid
 The foundations of the earth,
 We were chosen in our head.

2 God's Election is the ground
 Of our hope to persevere.
 On this rock your building found;
 And preserve your title clear;
Infidels may laugh,
Pharisees, gainsay or rail,
 Here's your tenure, (keep it safe,)
God's elect can never fail.

H Y M N XL.

Electing Grace, or Saints beloved in Christ.
Ephesians, i. 3, 4,

1 **J**ESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
 Thy God and ours are both the same,
 What heavenly blessings from his throne
 Flow down to sinners, thro' his Son?

E 3.

2 " Christ.

- 2 "CHRIST be my first elect," he said,
Then chose our souls in CHRIST our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameless in love, a holy seed."
- 4 Predestinated to be sons.
Born by degrees, but chose at once,
A new regenerated race,
To praise the Glory of his Grace.
- 5 With Christ our Lord, we share our part,
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his first belov'd.

H Y M N XLI.

The Book of God's Decree.

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of Creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd,
He governs with a nod.
- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought;
All the long years, and worlds to come
Stoop present to his thought.

3 There's

- 3 There's not a sparrow or a worm.
But's found in his decrees ;
He raises monarchs to their throne
And sinks them as he please.
- 4 If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays,
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.
- 6 When he reveals the book of life,
Oh ! may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb.

On the C R E A T I O N.

H Y M N XLII.

The Old and New Creation,

- 1 **T**HAT was a wonder working word
Which could the vast creation raise !
Angels, attendant on their Lord,
Admir'd the plan, and sung his praise.
- 2 From what a dark and shapeless mass
All nature sprang at his command ?
Let there be light, and light there was,
And sun and stars, and sea and Land.

3 With

- 3 With equal speed the earth and seas,
 Their mighty Maker's voice obey'd,
 He spake, and strait the plants and trees,
 And birds, and beasts, and men were made.
- 4 But man, the lord and crown of all,
 By sin his honor soon defac'd,
 His heart, (how alter'd, since the fall ?)
 Is dark, deform'd, and void, and wast.
- 5 The new creation of the soul
 Does now no less his pow'r display ;
 Than when he form'd the mighty whole,
 And kindled darkness into day.
- 6 Tho' self-destroy'd, O Lord, we are,
 Yet let us feel what thou can'st do ;
 Thy word the ruin can repair,
 And all our hearts create anew.

H Y M N XLIII.

The wonderful formation of Man.

- 1 'T WAS from thy hand, Great God, I came,
 A work of such a curious frame ;
 In me thy fearful wonders shine,
 And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
 Which yet in dark confusion lay,
 Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
 Form'd by the model of thy book.

- 3 At length, to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame ;
And, in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

- 4 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man :
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise !

- 5 And, since in our advancing age,
We've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to us surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

- 6 We could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before our swiftest thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.

- 7 Still on our hearts be these impress'd,
Whene'er we give our eyes to rest,
And when we wake, still may we find
God, and his love possess the mind.

H Y M N XLIV.

The Book of Creation.

- 1 **T**HE book of nature open lies,
With much instruction stor'd,
But till the Lord anoint our eyes
We cannot read a word.

- 2 Philosophers have por'd in vain,
And guess'd, from age to age,
For reasons eye could ne'er attain
To understand a page.
- 3 Tho' to each star they give a name,
Its size and motions teach,
The truths which all the stars proclaim,
Their wisdom cannot reach.
- 4 With skill to measure earth and sea,
And weigh the subtle air,
They cannot, Lord, discover thee
Tho' present ev'ry where.
- 5 The knowledge of the saints excels
The wisdom of the schools ;
To them his secrets God reveals,
Tho' men account them fools.
- 6 To them the sun and stars on high
The flow'rs that paint the field,
And all the artless birds that fly
Divine instruction yield.
- 7 The creatures on their senses press,
As witnesses to prove
Their Saviour's pow'r and faithfulness,
His providence and love.
- 8 Thus may we study nature's book
To make us wise indeed !
And pity those who only look
At what they cannot read.

CREATION.

47

H Y M N XLV.

Praise to God from all his Creatures.

- 1 **T**HE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame ;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues ;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.
- 4 Let grov'lling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks and trees, and fires and seas,
Their various tribute bring.
- 5 Ye planets, to his honor shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.
- 6 The brightness of our maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLVI.

Thunder.

1 **W**HEN a black overspreading cloud
Has darkned all the air ;
And peals of thunder roaring loud
Proclaim the tempest near.

2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of sin,
The sinner oft pursue :
A louder storm is heard within
And conscience thunders too.

3 The law a fiery language speaks,
His danger he perceives ;
Like Satan who his ruin seeks,
He trembles and believes.

4 But when the sky serene appears,
And thunders roll no more,
He soon forgets his vows and fears,
Just as he did before.

5 But whither shall the sinner flee,
When nature's mighty frame,
The pond'rous earth, and air, and sea,
Shall all dissolve in flame ?

6 Amazing day ! it comes apace !
The judge is hastening down,
Will sinners bear to see his face !
Or stand before his frown ?

7 Lord, let thy mercy find a way
To touch each stubborn heart ;
That they may never hear thee say,
Ye cursed ones, depart.

8 Believers, you may well rejoice !
The thunder's, loudest strains,
Should be to you a welcome voice,
That tells you, Jesus reigns !

H Y M N XLVII.

The Glories of God in Creation and Providence.

- 1 **V**AST are thy works, Almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word ;
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.
- 2 While each receives his different food,
His clearful looks pronounce it good ;
Eagles, and Bears, and Whales, and Worms,
Rejoice, and praise in different forms.
- 3 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their dust return ;
Both man and beast their souls resign ;
Life, Breath, and Spirit, all is thine.
- 4 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men :
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

50 CREATION.

5 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

6 In thee our hopes and wishes meet,
And make our meditations sweet,
Thy praises shall our breath employ,
Till it expires in endless joy.

H Y M N XLVIII.

Lightning in the Night.

1 **A** Glance from heav'n, with sweet effect,
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers ;
But, ere I can my thoughts collect,
As suddenly it disappears.

2 So lightning in the gloom of night,
Affords a momentary day ;
Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which soon as seen, are snatch'd away.

3 Ah ! what avails these pleasing scenes !
They do but aggravate my pain ;
While darkness quickly intervenes,
And swallows up my joys again.

4 But shall I murmur at relief ?
Tho' short, it was a precious view ;
Sent to controul my unbelief,
And prove that what I read is true.

P R O V I D E N C E. 51

- 5 The lightning's flash did not create
The op'ning prospect it reveal'd;
But only shew'd the real state
Of what the darkness had conceal'd.
- 6 Just so; we by a glimpse discern
The glorious things within the veil;
That when in darkness, we may learn
To live by faith, till light prevail.
- 7 The Lord's great day will soon advance,
Dispersing all the shades of night;
Then we no more shall need a glance,
But see by an eternal light.

On the P R O V I D E N C E of G O D.

H Y M N XLIX.

Thanksgiving for God's particular Providence.

- 1 **W**HEN all the mercies of my God
My rising soul surveys,
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
In wonder, love, and praise?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.

52 PROVIDENCE.

- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my ways,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
- 8 Through all eternity to thee
A grate'ul song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

H Y M N L.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. I Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 **T**HO' strait be the way,
With dangers beset,
And we thro' delay
Are no farther yet;

Our

Our good Guide and Saviour
Hath helped thus far :
And 'tis by his favour
We are what we are.

2 A favour so great
We highly should prize,
Not murmur, nor fret,
Nor small things despise.
But what call we small things?
Sins whole cancell'd sum,
'Tis greater than all things
Except those to come.

3 My brethren, reflect
On what we have been,
How God had respect
To us under sin.
When lower and lower
We ev'ry day fell,
He stretch'd forth his power
And snatch'd us from hell.

4 Then let us rejoice,
And chearfully sing,
With heart and with voice,
To Jesus our King ;
Who thus far has brought us
From evil to good ;
The ransom that bought us
No less than his blood.

5 For blessings like these
So bounteously given,
For prospects of peace,
And foretastes of heaven ;

54 PROVIDENCE.

'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant
To sing and adore;
Be thankful for present,
And then ask for more.

H Y M N L I.

Every Creature at God's Command.

1 **E**LIJAH's example declares,
Whatever distress may betide,
The saints may commit all their cares
To him, who will always provide.
When rain long with-held from the earth
Occasion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet, secur'd from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed
Were ravens who live upon prey,
But where the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way.
This instance to those may seem strange,
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail.

3 Nor is it a singular case;
The wonder is often renew'd;
And many may say, to God's praise,
By ravens he sendeth them food.
Thus worldlings, tho' ravens indeed,
Tho' greedy and selfish their mind,
If God has a servant to feed,
Against their own will can be kind.

4 Thus

- 4 Thus Satan, the raven unclean,
That croaks in the ears of the saints,
O'errul'd by a power unseen,
Administers oft to their wants :
God teaches them how to find food
From all the temptations they feel :
This raven, who thirsts for my blood
Has help'd me to many a meal.
- 5 How safe and how happy are they,
Who on the good Shepherd rely !
He'll give them out strength for the day,
Their wants he will surely supply :
He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command :
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

H Y M N LII.

Providence.

- 1 **T**HE earth and all the heav'nly frame
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;
He gives the sun his genial pow'r,
And sheds the soft refreshing show'r.
- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men ! who from thy bounteous hand ;
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.
- 3 Nor to the human race alone
Is his paternal goodness shown ;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Enjoy his universal care.

56 PROVIDENCE.

- 4 Not e'en a sparrow yields his breath
Till God permits the stroke of death ;
He hears the ravens when they call
The Father and the Friend of all.

H Y M N LIII.

The Darknefs of Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyfs of providence,
Too deep to found with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou arrav'st thine awful face,
In angry frowns, without a smile ;
Saints thro' the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress,
They sail by faith, and not by fight ;
Faith guides them in the wilderness,
Thro' all the briars of the night,
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

H Y M N LIV.

All things shall work together for Good to God's People.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 In deep unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful faints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
With blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

H Y M N LV.

The Power and Providence of God.

- 1 **A** W A K E my soul, to hymns of praise,
To God the long triumphant raise :
Light forms his robe, and round his head ;
The heavens their ample curtains spread.

2 Be-

- 2 Behold, aloft, the king of kings
Borne on the winds, expanded wings,
(His chariot by the clouds supplied,)
Through heav'n's wide realms triumphant ride.
- 3 Around him rang'd in awful state,
Th' assembled storms submissive wait ;
And flames, attentive to fulfil
The dictates of his mighty will.
- 4 On firmest base, uprear'd the earth
To him ascribes her wond'rous birth :
He spake, and o'er each mountain's head,
The deep its wat'ry mantle spread.
- 5 He spake, and from the whelming flood,
Again their tops, emergent stood,
And fast adown their bending side,
With reflux streams, the currents glide.
- 6 While, close beside the murm'ring spring,
The feather'd minstrels sit and sing ;
And, shelter'd in the branches, shun,
The fervors of the mid-day sun.
- 7 His show'rs with verdure crown the hills,
The earth with various fruits he fills ;
Preventive of their wants, his aid
Yields to the brute the springing blade.
- 8 For man, chief object of his care,
His hands, the foodful herb prepare ;
The gladd'ning wine, refreshing oil,
And bread that strings his nerves for toil.

PROVIDENCE.

59

- 9 Great God, in ceaseless strains my tongue,
Shall meditate the grateful song;
And, long as breath informs my frame,
The wonders of thy love proclaim.

H Y M N LVI.

The Providence of God in the Seasons of the Year.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; oh blissful theme,
To sing the honors of his name!
'Tis pleasure, 'tis divine delight,
And praise is lovely in his sight.
- 2 He speaks! and swiftly from the skies
To earth the sov'reign mandate flies;
Observant nature hears his word,
And bows obedient to her Lord.
- 3 Now thick descending flakes of snow,
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
Now glitt'ring frost, o'er all the plains,
Extends its universal chains.
- 4 At his fierce storms of icy hail,
The shiv'ring pow'rs of nature fail;
Before his cold, what life can stand,
Unshelter'd by his guardian hand!
- 5 He speaks! the ice and snow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Now vernal gales soft rising blow,
And murm'ring waters gently flow.

6 But

60 PROVIDENCE.

- 6 But nobler works his grace record,
To Israel he reveals his word ;
To Jacob's happy sons, alone,
He makes his sacred precepts known.
- 7 Such bliss no other nation shares,
The laws of heav'n are only theirs ;
Ye favor'd tribes, your voices raise,
And bless your God in songs of praise.

H Y M N LVII.

The Lord will Provide.

1 **T**HO' troubles assail
And dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail
And foes all un te ;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The scripture assures us
The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread ;
His saints what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written
The Lord will provide.

3 We

P R O V I D E N C E. 61

- 3 We may, like the ships,
 By tempests be tost
 On perilous deeps,
 But cannot be lost;
 Tho' Satan enrages,
 The wind and the tide,
 The promise engages,
 The Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey
 Like Abr'am of old,
 Not knowing our way,
 But faith makes us bold;
 For tho' we are strangers,
 We have a good guide,
 And trust in all dangers,
 The Lord will provide.
- 5 When Satan appears
 To stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears,
 We triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us,
 Tho' oft he has try'd,
 This heart cheering promise,
 The Lord will provide.
- 6 He tells us we're weak,
 Our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek
 We ne'er shall obtain:
 But when such suggestions
 Our spirits have ply'd,
 This answers all questions,
 The Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own,
 Or goodness we claim,
 Yet since we have known
 The Saviour's great name;
 In this our strong tower
 For safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power,
 The Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace,
 And death is in view,
 This word of his grace
 Shall comfort us thro';
 No fearing or doubting
 With Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting,
 The Lord will provide.

ON THE FALL OF MAN.

HYMN LVIII.

Zech. xiii. 1.

1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is,
 Our sin how deep it stains!
 And Satan binds our captive souls,
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from God's sacred Word;
 Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
 And trust upon the Lord!

3 O may we hear th' Almighty call,
 And run to this relief!
 I would believe thy promise, Lord,
 O help my unbelief!

- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly ;
There may we wash our spotted souls
From crimes of deepest dye !
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning sins subdue ;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his infernal crew.
- 6 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
Into thy arms we fall ;
Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Jesus and our All.

H Y M N LIX.

Original Sin.

- 1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original ;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall !
- 2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill ;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind !
How obstinate our will !
- 3 Conceive'd in sin (O wretched state !)
Before we drew our breath ;
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

64 O N T H E F A L L.

- 4 How strong in our deg'nerate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders thro' all our veins !
- 5 Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be ;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree ?
- 6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring ?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring ?
- 7 Yet, mighty God ! thy wond'rous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The Tempter, Death, and Sin.
- 8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first :
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r
That new creates our dust !

H Y M N LX.

First and Second A D A M.

- 1 **D**EEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;
Great God, we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame !

2 But

- 2 But while our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law;
We sing the honors of thy grace
That sent to save our ruin'd race.
- 3 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 4 Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace,
Reigns thro' the Lord, our righteousness.

H Y M N LXI.

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

- 1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue, she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes the fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence,
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

66 O N T H E F A L L.

- 4 So on a tree, divinely fair,
 Grew the forbidden food ;
 Our Mother took the poison there,
 And tainted all her blood.

H Y M N L X I I.

The fall and recovery of Man.

- 1 **D**ECEIV'D by subtil snares of Hell,
 Adam our head, our father fell ;
 When Satan in the serpent hid,
 Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.
- 2 Death was the threatning ; Death began
 To take possession of the man ;
 His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
 And heavy curses smote the ground.
- 3 But Satan found a worse reward ;
 Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord :
 “ Let everlasting hatred be
 “ Bewixt the woman's seed and thee.
- 4 “ The woman's seed shall be my son ;
 “ He shall destroy what thou hast done ;
 “ Shall break thy head, and only feel,
 “ Thy malice raging in his heel.”
- 5 He spake, and bid four thousand years
 Roll on ; at length, his Son appears ;
 Angels with joy descend to earth,
 And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

- 6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies ;
 But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies ;
 He gave their prince a fatal blow,
 And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.

H Y M N LXIII.

Conviction of Sin by the Law.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
 And felt no inward dread !
 I was alive without the law,
 And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,
 But since the precept came
 With a convincing pow'r and light,
 I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
 'Till terribly I saw,
 How perfect, holy, just and pure,
 Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul, the heavy load,
 My sins reviv'd again,
 I had provok'd a dreadful God,
 And all my hopes were vain.
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive fold
 Under the pow'r of sin,
 I cannot do the good I would,
 Nor keep my conscience clean.

68 R E D E M P T I O N.

6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath,
For some kind pow'r to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

On R E D E M P T I O N.

H Y M N XIV.

1 **W**HAT am I, O thou glorious God,
Or what my father's house to thee,
That thou such blessings hast bestow'd
On me, the vilest reptile, me!
I take the blessings from above,
And wonder at thy causeless love.

2 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pard'ning God;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad,
That only name to sinners giv'n,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heav'n.

3 Jesu, I bless thy gracious pow'r,
And all within me shouts thy name;
Thy name let ev'ry soul adore,
Thy pow'r let ev'ry tongue proclaim;
Thy grace let ev'ry sinner know,
And find with me their heav'n below.

H Y M N LXV.

I. Peter, ii. 24. *By whose Stripes ye were healed.*

1 **J**ESU, was ever love like thine,
So strong, and permanent, and pure;
Strange myst'ry this of love divine,
That stripes should heal, and death should cure!

2 How

REDEMPTION. 63

- 2 How costly was the med'cine, Lord,
The med'cine, which thy wounds supply'd;
That I might live, to health restor'd,
My Lamb, my good Phyfician dy'd!
- 3 My God, my All, O Chrift, thou art,
On thee for ev'ry good I call;
Thy death fhall life and-ftrength impart;
O Chrift, thou art my God, my All.
- 4 Thy blood doth all my sorrows calm,
And ease the anguish of my foul;
And when I ask for Gilead's balm,
It ftill is near to make me whole.
- 5 Whate'er my heav'nly father wills,
Through faith in thee I ftill receive;
Thy blood my ev'ry promise feals,
And quicken'd by thy blood I live.
- 6 To buy and make me free indeed,
The ranfom of thy blood was giv'n;
For me thy blood on earth was fhed,
And now it intercedes in heav'n.
- 7 It fpeaks to God, my God, for me,
For me obtains whate'er is beft;
And lo, the bleeding Lamb I fee,
And in thy wounds for ever reft!

H Y M N

70 R E D E M P T I O N.

H Y M N LXVI.

1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art for let us be.

2 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind,
To thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up our souls in love.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n.

H Y M N LXVII.

*The Riches of Christ manifested to Believers in their
Redemption.*

1 **O** GOD of all grace,
Thy goodness we praise;
Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place.

2 With

REDEMPTION. 71

- 2 With joy we approve
The design of thy love ;
'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.
- 3 He came from above,
Our curse to remove ;
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he
would love.
- 4 Love mov'd him to die,
And on this we rely :
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell
why.
- 5 But this we can tell,
He hath lov'd us so well
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.
- 6 He hath ransom'd our race ;
Oh ! how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing thy unspeakable grace !
- 7 Nay, and when we remove
To the mansions above,
Our heaven shall still be to sing of thy love.
- 8 When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love, without bottom or shore.

H Y M N

72 R E D E M P T I O N.

H Y M N LXVIII.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one chearful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (oh! amazing love)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N

REDEMPTION. 73

H Y M N LXIX.

It is Finished.

1 'TIS Finish'd, the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head ;
Whilst we this sentence scan,
Come, finners, and observe the word ;
Behold the conquest of our Lord
Compleat for helpless man !

2 Finish'd the righteousness of grace ;
Finish'd for sinners pard'ning peace ;
Their mighty debt is paid :
Accusing law cancel'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God
In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim ?
The law no longer can condemn ;
Faith a release can shew :
Justice itself a friend appears ;
The prison-house a whisper hears,
Loose him, and let him go.

4 O unbelief, injurious bar !
Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply ?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
'Tis Finish'd, still may answer all,
And silence ev'ry cry,

74 R E D E M P T I O N.

H Y M N LXX.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay its hand
On that dear head of thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see,
The burden thou didst bear;
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with chearful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXI.

Redemption found.

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground, wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain,
 The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
 Before the world's foundation slain,
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heav'n and earth are fled away.
- 2 O love, thou bottomless abyfs!
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
 Cover'd is mine unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me;
 While Jesu's blood through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries!
- 3 With faith I plunge me in the sea;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast:
 Away sad doubt, and anxious fear,
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 4 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone;
 Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,
 Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn,
 On this my stedfast soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies!

76 R E D E M P T I O N.

- 5 Fixt on this ground will I remain,
 Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay,
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.

H Y M N LXXII.

For the Hurt of the Daughter of my People am I Hurt.

- 1 **T**HE Lamb is slain, how sweet's the sound!
 What fountains are in ev'ry wound!
 Those streams that thence so freely flow
 Will wash the sinner white as snow:
 What strange diseases will they cure!
 What med'cine are they for the poor!
- 2 What makes these springs so choice and good
 Is very rarely understood;
 Some taught of God, and very few,
 The secret cause and reason know;
 Namely, because the Lamb is God,
 From whence divinely runs the flood.
- 3 Had he not dy'd, we all had been
 Now lost in unbelief and sin;
 But while he dy'd upon the tree,
 He bore content our misery;
 Our chastisement, our guilt, and blame,
 Was laid upon the spotless Lamb.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

77

- 4 For ever sin and death are slain,
Through the Redeemer's sweat and pain,
Offences and transgressions fall,
The Saviour triumphs over all,
Brings righteousness e'erlasting in,
And makes by death an end of sin!
- 5 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Rise ev'ry heart the Bridegroom waits;
Let in the King of Glory, he
Who shines in yonder majesty;
Open my heart, and let him there
Abide, and make a house of pray'r.

On the DIVINITY of CHRIST.

H Y M N LXXIII.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our chearful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

H 3

4 The

78 DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

- 4 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N LXXIV.

Jehovah Jesus.

- 1 **M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode,
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense,
 Eternal ages saw him shine,
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,
 Almighty ruler of the sky,
 As when the six days works he made,
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
 Salvation is his dearest claim ;
 That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
 And owns Immanuel for his name.
- 5 A chearful confidence I feel,
 My well plac'd hopes with joy I see,
 My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
 To worship him who died for me.

- 6 As man, he pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are ail divine,
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

H Y M N LXXV.

Christ very God and Man.

- 1 **A** MAN, there is a real man,
With wounds still gaping wide,
From which rich streams of blood once ran,
In hands and feet, and side.
- 2 'Tis no wild fancy of our brains,
No metaphor we speak ;
The same dear man in heav'n now reigns,
That suffered for our sake.
- 3 This wond'rous man, of whom we tell,
Is true Almighty God ;
He bought our souls from death and hell,
The price his own hearts blood.
- 4 That human heart, he still retains,
Tho' thron'd in highest blifs ;
And feels each tempted member's pains,
For our affliction's his.
- 5 Come then, repenting sinner, come
Approach with humble faith,
Owe what thou wilt, the total sum,
Is cancell'd by his death.

80 DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

- 6 His blood can cleanse the blackest soul,
And wash our guilt away ;
He shall present us sound and whole,
In that tremendous day.

H Y M N LXXVI.

The Deity and Humanity of Christ.

- 1 **E**RE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word ;
With God he was ; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own pow'r all things were made,
By him supported, all things stand,
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 'Ere sin was born, or satan fell ;
He led the host of morning stars,
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years ?)
- 4 But, lo ! he leaves those heav'nly forms,
The Word descends, and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal father's only son ;
How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When thro' his grace the Godhead shone !

- 6 Bright angels leave their high abode,
 To learn new myst'ries here to tell;
 The love of our descending God.
 The glories of Immanuel.

H Y M N LXXVII.

Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH speaks, let Ifr'el hear,
 Let all the earth rejoice and fear;
 While God's eternal son proclaims,
 His sov'reign honors and his names.
- 2 " I am the Last, and I the First,
 " The Saviour God, and God the Just;
 " There's none beside pretend to shew,
 " Such justice and salvation too.
- 3 " Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
 " Just on the verge of death and hell:
 " Look up to me from distant lands,
 " Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands.
- 4 " I by my holy name have sworn,
 " Nor shall the word in vain return;
 " To me shall all things bend the knee,
 " And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.
- 5 " In me alone shall men confess,
 " Lies all their strength and righteousness;
 " But such as dare despise my name,
 " I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 " In

- 6 “ In me the Lord shall all the seed,
 “ Of Isr’el from their sins be freed ;
 “ And by their shining graces prove,
 “ Their int’rest in my pard’ning love.”

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Jesus Christ is all in all.

- 1 **S**INNERS, who have believ’d thro’ grace,
 Altho’ the vilest of the race ;
 In this they’ll join both great and small,
 That Jesus Christ is all in all.
- 2 The Greek, the Jew, or such as we,
 Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free ;
 Here find no separating wall,
 For Jesus Christ is all in all.
- 3 Who can his utmost glory tell,
 He saves from sin, from death, from hell ;
 Well may we say with holy Paul,
 That Jesus Christ is all in all.
- 4 In heaven this truth will be best known,
 When we surround his glorious throne ;
 And with adoring armies fall,
 And sing our Jesus all in all.

H Y M N LXXIX.

On the Incarnation of the Son of God, or Christmas Day.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
 And peace on earth descend ;
 God comes down, he bows the sky,
 He shews himself our friend :

God,

THE INCARNATION.

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God, th' Invisible appears ;
 God, the Blest, the great I am,
 Sojourns in this vale of tears,
 And Jesus in his name.

2 Empty'd of his majesty,
 Of dazzling glories shorn,
 Beings source begins to be,
 And God himself is born !
 Stand amaz'd, ye heav'ns, at this !
 See the Lord of earth and skies,
 Humbled to the dust he is,
 And in a manger lies !

3 We, the sons of men, rejoice,
 The prince of peace proclaim ;
 With heav'ns host lift up your voice,
 And shout Emmanuel's name :
 Knees and hearts to him we bow,
 Of our flesh, and of our bone ;
 Jesus is our brother now,
 And God is all our own !

H Y M N LXXX.

1 **R**EJOICE in Jesu's birth ;
 To us a son is giv'n,
 To us a child is born on earth,
 Who made both earth and heav'n !

2 His shoulder props the sky,
 This universe sustains !
 The God supreme, the Lord most high,
 The king Messiah reigns !

- 3 Our counsellor we praise,
Our advocate above,
Who daily in his church displays
His miracles of love.
- 4 Th' Almighty God is he,
Author of heav'nly bliss,
The father of eternity,
The glorious prince of peace.
- 5 Wider and wider still
He doth his sway extend,
With peace divine his people fill,
And joys that never end.
- 6 His government shall grow,
From strength to strength proceed,
His righteousness the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.
- 7 His presence shall increase
The happiness above,
The full, progressive happiness
Of everlasting love.

H Y M N LXXXI.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born king!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

2 Joyful

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
Nature, rise and worship him,
Who is born at Bethlehem.
- 3 Christ by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb.
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t'appear,
Jesus our Emmanuel here.
- 5 Hail the heav'n-born prince of peace!
Hail the sun of righteousness!
Light and life around he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that men no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

H Y M N LXXXII.

- 1 **A**LL glory to God,
And peace upon earth,
Be publish'd abroad
At Jesus's birth:

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The forfeited favour
Of heaven we find
Restor'd in the Saviour
And friend of mankind.

2 Then let us behold
Messias the Lord,
By prophets foretold,
By angels ador'd ;
Our God's incarnation
With angels proclaim,
And publish salvation
In Jesus's name.

3 Our newly-born King
By faith we have seen,
And joyfully sing
His goodness to men ;
That all men may wonder
At what we impart,
And thankfully ponder
His love in their heart.

4 What mov'd the Most High
So greatly to stoop !
He comes from the sky
Our souls to lift up ;
That sinners forgiven
Might sinless return
To God, and to heaven,
Their Maker is born !

5 Emmanuel's love
Let sinners confess,
Who comes from above
To bring us his peace :

Let

Let ev'ry believer
 His mercy adore,
 And praise him for ever,
 When time is no more.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Lo! I come.

1 **H**ARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long!
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
 Exerts its sacred fire,
 Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held,
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eye-balls of the blind,
 To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the riches of his grace
 T' enrich the humble poor.

I 2

6 Our

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- 6 Our glad Hofannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heav'ns eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

- 1 JOIN all ye joyful nations,
Th'acclaiming host of heaven,
This happy morn,
A child is born,
To us a Son is giv'n;
The messenger and token
Of God's eternal favour;
God hath sent down,
To us his Son,
An universal Saviour.

- 2 The wonderful Messias
The joy of ev'ry nation,
Jefus his name
With God the fame,
The LORD of all Creation:
The counsellor of finners,
Almighty to deliver,
The Prince of Peace
Whose love's increase,
Shall reign in man for ever.

- 3 Go, see the King of Glory,
Discern the heav'nly stranger;
So poor and mean
His court an inn,
His cradle is a manger:

Who

Who from his Father's bosom,
 But now for us descended ;
 Who built the skies
 On earth he lies
 With only beasts attended.

4 Whom all the angels worship,
 Lies hid in human nature,
 Incarnate see,
 The Deity,
 The infinite Creator.
 See the stupendous blessing,
 Which God to us hath given,
 A child of man,
 In length a span,
 Who fills both earth and heaven,

5 Gaze on that helpless object
 Of endless adoration ;
 Those infant hands
 Shall burst our bands
 And work out our Salvation.
 Strangle the crooked serpent,
 Destroy his works for ever ;
 And open set
 The heav'nly gate,
 To ev'ry true believer.

6 Till then, thou holy Jesus,
 We humbly bow before thee ;
 Our treasures bring
 To serve our King,
 And joyfully adore thee :

To thee we gladly render
 Whate'er thy grace hath given ;
 Till thou appear
 In glory here,
 And take us up to heaven.

H Y M N LXXXV.

- 1 **L**IFT ye faints, your joyful heads, *Hallelujah.*
 Shout Hofannas from your beds !
 You to raise above the skies,
 Jesus in a manger lies.
- 2 Saints rejoice, his praises sing,
 Hail, your new incarnate King,
 Us to save from satan's prey,
 Christ the Lord is born to day.
- 3 Angel heralds this proclaim,
 " Peace to bring on earth he came,
 In our hearts the news we feel,
 Answer, joys unspeakable.
- 4 None but sinners know thy worth,
 Seraphs fail to set it forth,
 They alone who know their need,
 Prove, and Oh ! 'tis bliss indeed.
- 5 Ransom'd sinners, join your songs,
 Worthy he of hearts and tongues,
 Blest we more, than they from far,
 Led by him who rul'd the star.

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- 6 Praise the Father, praise the Son,
Praise the Spirit, Three in One,
God in Manhood now we see,
Join'd in Jesus,—so are we.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

- 1 JESUS all praise is due to Thee,
That Thou wast pleas'd a man to be !
A Virgin's womb Thou didst not scorn,
And Angels shout to see Thee born. Hallelujah.
- 2 The blessed FATHER's only SON
Chuseth a manger for his throne;
And tho' the high and mighty God,
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood. Hallelujah.
- 3 Whom earth could not contain nor skies,
In low estate the Saviour lies,
And who the world's foundation laid,
Is now a little infant made. Hallelujah.
- 4 The FATHER's brightness comes in sight,
Gives to the world its saving light;
And drives the clouds of sin away,
To make us children of the day. Hallelujah.
- 5 The SON, the Almighty God confess'd,
In his own world became a guest,
And open'd through Himself the way,
A passage to eternal day. Hallelujah.

6 And

- 6 And therefore poor on earth He came,
That we might all his riches claim,
To make us heirs of endless bliss,
With all those chosen saints of his. Hallelujah.
- 7 For us these wonders he has wrought,
To shew his love, surpassing thought !
Then let us all unite to sing
Praise to our loving God and King. Hallelujah.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

- 1 **Y**E simple men of heart sincere,
Shepherds who watch their flocks by night,
Start not to see an angel near,
Nor tremble at his glorious light.
- 2 An herald from the heav'nly King
I come, your ev'ry fear to chase ;
Good tidings of great joy I bring,
Great joy unto the fallen race !
- 3 For you, is born on this glad day
A Saviour by our host ador'd,
Our God in Bethlehem survey,
Make haste to worship Christ the Lord.
- 4 By this the Saviour of mankind,
Th' incarnate God shall be display'd,
In swathes the infant ye shall find,
And humbly in a manger laid.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue
Adore th' eternal word.
- 2 That awful word, that sov'reign power,
By whom the worlds were made;
(Oh happy morn ! illustrious hour)
Was once in flesh array'd.
- 3 Then shone Almighty power and love
In all their glorious forms ;
When Jesus left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies ;
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.
- 5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day ;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.
- 6 What glory Lord to thee is due !
With wonder we adore,
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

- 1 **W**HAT good news the angels bring !
What glad tidings of our king !

Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Christ, who takes our sins away :
He who rules in heav'n and earth
Hath in Bethlehem his birth ;
Him shall all his people see,
And rejoice eternally.

- 2 Lift your hearts and voices high,
With Hosannas fill the sky ;
Glory be to God above !
God is infinite in love !
Peace on earth, good-will to men !
Now with us our God is seen :
Angels, join with us in praise,
Help us sing redeeming grace.

- 3 Jesus is the lovely name,
This the angel doth proclaim ;
He shall all his people save,
They in him remission have :
When they see themselves undone,
They take refuge in the son ;
They shall all be born again,
And with him in glory reign.

- 4 Shout, ye nations of the earth,
Sing the triumphs of his birth ;
All the world by him is blest ;
Sound his praise from East to West.
Jews and Gentiles, jointly sing,
Christ our common Lord and king ;
Christ our life, our joy, our song,
To eternity prolong.

HUMILIATION.

95

*On the HUMILIATION of JESUS
CHRIST or GOOD-FRIDAY.*

H Y M N XC.

1 JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone,
Tears the graves and mountains up,
By his expiring groan.
Lo! the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes,
Nature in convulsion lies,
Earth's profoundest center quakes,
The great Jehovah dies.

2 Dies the glorious cause of all,
The true eternal P A N,
Falls to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man:
Well may Sol withdraw his light,
With the sufferer sympathize,
Leave the world in sudden night
While his Creator dies.

3 Oh my God he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart.
Oh! that all to thee might turn!
Sinners ye may love him too,
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

4 Weep

- 4 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
 With tears of humblest love,
 Sing, for Jesus is gone up
 And reigns enthron'd above;
 Lives our head to die no more,
 Pow'r is all to Jesus given,
 Worship'd as he was before,
 Th' immortal King of heav'n.

H Y M N XCI.

- 1 **E**XTENDED on a cursed tree,
 Besmear'd with dust, and sweat, and blood.
 See here, the King of Glory see!
 Sinks and expires the Son of God.
- 2 The burthen for me to sustain
 Too great, on thee, my Lord was laid:
 To heal me, thou hast born my pain,
 To bless me, thou a curse was made.
- 3 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
 How pay the mighty debt I owe?
 Let all I have, and all I am,
 Ceaseless to all thy glory shew.
- 4 Too much to thee I cannot give,
 Too much I cannot do for thee;
 Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
 Grav'n on my heart for ever be!

HUMILIATION.

97

- 5 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

H Y M N XCH.

Resting under the Cross.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I'd sacrifice them to thy blood.

- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet!
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H Y M N X C H I.

- 1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the Man,
The Man of griefs, condemn'd for you;
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.
- 2 See there! his temples crown'd with thorn!
His bleeding hands extended wide!
His streaming feet transfixt and torn!
The fountain gushing from his side!
- 3 Oh! thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Help us to catch thy precious blood,
Help us to taste thy dying love.
- 4 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
Oh! that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise.
- 5 The rocks could feel thy pow'rful death,
And tremble, and asunder part:
O rend, with thy expiring breath
The harder marble of our heart.

HUMILIATION.

99

H Y M N XCIV.

- 1 **J**ESU, source of my salvation,
 Conqueror of death and hell !
 Thou, my high priest and oblation,
 Felt'st the pain that I should feel ;
 By the greatness of thy torment,
 Thou hast purchas'd my preferment ;
 Thousand, thousand thanks to thee,
 Dearest Lord for ever be.
- 2 O how basely wast thou used,
 Buffeted and spit upon ;
 Lash'd and torn, and sorely bruised,
 Thou, the glorious father's son ;
 But to set the worst of wretches,
 Free from hell and satan's clutches.
 Thousand, thousand, &c.
- 3 Thou, with more than lamb-like meekness,
 Suffer'dst death upon the cross ;
 O that my rebellious sickness
 Had not been the fatal cause ;
 Thou was curs'd for my transgressing,
 To restore me to thy blessing.
 Thousand, thousand, &c.
- 4 Lord, thy deep humiliation
 Pay'd for my rebellious pride ;
 And thy sacred expiration
 Puts my fear of death aside :
 All thy grief and shameful bondage
 Thou hast turn'd to my advantage.
 Thousand, thousand, &c.
- 5 Lord, I'll praise thee now and ever,
 For thy more than human pain ;
 For thy agonizing shiver,
 For thy wound and bloody stain ;

100 HUMILIATION.

For thy stooping to the sentence
Of eternal love and vengeance ;
For thy love, my God and king,
Praises I'll for ever sing.

H Y M N XCV.

Lamb. i. 12.

- 1 **A**LL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety he is ;
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his !
- 2 For what you have done
His blood must atone,
The Father hath punish'd, for you, his dear Son ;
The Lord, in the day
Of his anger did lay
Yo ur sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

He answer'd for all
Who come at his call,
And low at his cross with astonishment fall ;
But lift up your eyes,
At Jesus's cries,
Impassive he suffers, immortal he dies !
- 4 For you and for me
He pray'd on the tree,
The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free ;
The sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon, God cannot deny.

5 His

- 5 His death is my plea,
 My advocate see,
 And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd
 for me :
 Acquitted I was,
 When he bled on the cross,
 And by losing his life he hath carry'd my cause !

H Y M N XCVI.

John xviii. 2. *Jesus oft times resorted thither with
 his Disciples.*

- 1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,
 As divine historians say,
 To a place would often go ;
 Near to Kedron's Brook it lay ;
 In this place he lov'd to be,
 And 'twas nam'd Gethsemane.
- 2 Full of love to man's lost race,
 On this conflict much he thought ;
 This he knew the destin'd place ;
 And he lov'd the sacred spot :
 Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
 Often in Gethsemane.
- 3 Many woes had he endur'd,
 Many sore temptations met ;
 Patient, and to pains inur'd :
 But the forest trial yet
 Was to be sustain'd in thee,
 Gloomy, sad Gethsemane !

102 HUMILIATION.

- 4 Came at length the dreadful night ;
Vengeance with its iron rod
Stood, and, with collected might,
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God.
See, my soul, thy Saviour see
Gro'ling in Gethsemane !
- 5 There my God bore all my guilt ;
This thro' grace can be believ'd ;
But the horrors which he felt
Are too vast to be conceiv'd ;
None can penetrate thro' thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane !
- 6 True ; I can't deserve to share
In a favour so divine ;
But since sin first fix'd me there,
None have greater sins than mine :
And to this my woeful plea,
Witness thou, Gethsemane.
- 7 Sins against a holy God ;
Sins against his righteous laws ;
Sins against his love, his blood ;
Sins against his name and cause ;
Sins immense as is the sea ;
Hide me, O Gethsemane.
- 9 Here's my claim, and here alone ;
None a Saviour more can need ;
Deeds of righteousness I've none ;
No, not one good work to plead ;
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

HUMILIATION.

103

9 Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart;
Thaw it with the beams of love;
Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart;
Wound the heart, that wounded thee,
Melt it in Gethsemane.

10 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One Almighty God of love,
Prais'd by all the heav'nly host,
In thy shining courts above,
We poor sinners, gracious Three,
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

H Y M N XCVII.

1 **A**LAS, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood;
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious sufferer stood.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree;
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When God, the mighty maker, dy'd
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe,
Here Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N XCVIII.

It is Good to be Here.

1 **L**ET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away!
While I see him on the tree
Weep, and bleed, and die for me!

2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shews my sin in all its guilt,
Ah! my soul, he bore thy load,
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Hark! his dying words, "Forgive,
Father let the sinner live,
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay.

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Wakened by the force of love.

HUMILIATION. 105

- 5 Farewel world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the bleeding cross;
Jesus dy'd to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee.
- 6 He has dearly bought my soul,
Lord, accept, and claim the whole,
To thy will I all resign,
Now, no more my own, but thine.

H Y M N XCIX.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me;
The father's co-eternal son
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd!
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding prince of life and peace!
Come, see, ye worms, you maker die,
And say was ever grief like his!
Come, feel with me his blood apply'd;
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!
- 3 Is crucify'd for me, and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
That we are bought with Jesu's blood;
Pardon and life flow from his side:
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!
- 4 Then

106 HUMILIATION.

- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream ;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him ;
Of nothing think or speak beside
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd !

H Y M N C.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark, how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;
Receive my soul, he cries :
See, where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head, and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's env'ous chain,
And in full glory shine :
O lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

H Y M N C I.

- 1 **O**H ! that I could cast all my load
Of guilt, and grief, and care,
Upon the sin-atoning God,
Who hangs expiring there.

2 Thou

HUMILIATION. 107

- 2 Thou slaughter'd lamb, if thine I am,
Fulfil my heart's desire;
Now blow the spark into a flame,
And set my soul on fire.

- 3 Look from the tree, as when for me
Thou didst the death endure;
Now let thy blood the med'cine be,
And all my sickness cure.

- 4 Pity my grief, and look relief,
The worst of sinners spare;
Thou Saviour of the dying thief,
Regard my latest pray'r.

- 5 Regard thine own, repeat, 'tis done,
Declare my sins forgiv'n;
And, ransom'd by thy dying groan,
Receive my soul to heav'n.

H Y M N CII.

- 1 **W**HAT object's this that meets my eyes,
From out Jerus'lem's gate:
Which fills my mind with such surprize,
As wonders to create!

- 2 Who can it be that groans beneath,
A pond'rous cross of wood;
Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,
And body's bath'd in blood?

108 RESURRECTION.

- 3 Is this the man, can this be he,
The prophets have foretold,
Should with transgressors number'd be
And for their crimes be sold ?
- 4 Yes, now I know, 'tis he, 'tis he,
E'en *Jesus*, God's dear son ;
Wrapt in mortality to die,
For crimes that I had done.
- 5 Oh ! blessed sight, oh ! lovely form,
To sinful souls like me !
I'll creep beside him as a worm ;
And see him die for me.
- 6 I'll hear his groans, and view his wounds,
Until, with happy John,
I on his breast, a place have found
Sweetly to lean upon.

*On the RESURRECTION of JESUS
CHRIST, or EASTER DAY.*

H Y M N CIII.

- 1 **U**PRISING from the darksome tomb
See the victorious *Jesus* come :
Th' Almighty pris'ner quits the pris'n,
And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.
Angels, angels, angels, angels, angels tell,
The Lord is ris'n.

RESURRECTION. 109

2 Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings, hear, and live.
God's righteous law is satisfied,
And justice now is on your side.
Justice, justice, &c.

3 Your surety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood :
No new demand, no bar remains ;
But mercy now triumphant reigns.
Mercy, mercy, &c.

4 Believers hail your rising head,
The first begotten from the dead ;
Your resurrection's sure, thro' his,
To endless life and boundless bliss.
Endless, endless, &c.

H Y M N C I V.

1 **C**H R I S T the Lord is ris'n to day,
Sons of men and angels say !
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain, the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

L

4 Lives

110 RESURRECTION.

- 4 Lives again our glorious king,
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save,
Where thy victory? O grave!
- 5 Soar, we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;
Second life we all receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7 Hail! the Lord of earth and heav'n,
Praise to thee, by both be giv'n;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection Thou!
- 8 King of glory! soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this:
Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

H Y M N C V.

- 1 **T**HE sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Adore the scatt'rer of your fears;
Your rising God adore.

2 The

RESURRECTION. III

- 2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise!
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod,
He dy'd and suffer'd as a man,
He rises as a God.
- 4 In vain, the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise,
To him who breaks the gates of hell;
And opens Paradise.

H Y M N CVI.

- 1 **T**HUS having seen the agony
Of Jesus on the cross,
When he on that accursed tree
Was made a curse for us:
- 2 When he expir'd, he bow'd his head,
And spake this chearing word,
'Tis finish'd! lo, the Saviour said,
My people are restor'd.
- 3 He dy'd their ruin'd souls to save,
And rose to justify,
Destroy'd the trophies of the grave,
And then went up on high.

112 RESURRECTION.

- 4 By faith behold the conqu'ror rise,
See how he bursts his chains !
Ascends in triumph thro' the skies,
Where sov'reign Lord he reigns.
- 5 And so shall all his followers too,
Thro' their exalted head,
Death's adamantine bars break through,
And leave their dusty bed.

H Y M N CVII.

- 1 **A**LL ye that seek the Lord, who dy'd,
Your God, for sinners crucify'd,
Prevent the earliest dawn, and come
To worship at his sacred tomb.
- 2 Bring the sweet spices of your sighs,
Your contrite hearts, and streaming eyes,
Your sad complaints, and humble fears ;
Come, and embalm him with your tears.
- 3 While thus ye love your souls t'employ,
Your sorrow shall be turn'd to joy ;
Now, now, let all your griefs be o'er,
Believe, and ye shall weep no more.
- 4 An earthquake hath the cavern shook,
And burst the door, and rent the rock ;
The Lord hath sent his angel down,
And he hath roll'd away the stone.

RESURRECTION. 113

5 The Lord of life is ris'n indeed,
To death deliver'd in your stead;
His rise proclaims your sins forgiv'n,
And shews the living way to heav'n.

H Y M N CVIII.

1 **S**INNERS, dismiss your fear,
The joyful tidings hear;
This the word that Jesus said,
O believe and feel it true,
Christ is risen from the dead,
Lives the Lord, who dy'd for you.

2 Haste to his tomb, repair,
And see the tokens there;
See the place where Jesus lay,
Mark the burial cloaths he wore;
Angels near his relicts stay,
Guard of him, who dies no more.

3 Why then art thou cast down,
Thou poor afflicted one?
Full of doubts, and griefs, and fears,
Look into that open grave;
Dy'd he not to dry thy tears?
Rose he not thy soul to save?

4 To purge thy guilty stain,
He dy'd, and rose again:
Wherefore dost thou weep and mourn?
Sinner, lift thine heart and eye,
Turn thee to thy Jesus, turn,
See thy loving Saviour nigh.

114 RESURRECTION.

- 5 He comes his own to claim;
He calls thee by thy name;
Drooping soul, rejoice, rejoice,
See him there to life restor'd;
Mary, know thy Saviour's voice,
Hear it, and reply, my Lord.

H Y M N CIX.

- 1 **O** Jesus, our king,
Thy glory we sing,
Thy rising declare,
And join in the pomp, and the benefit share.
- 2 Thy conquest we feel
O'er death and o'er hell;
Redeem'd from the grave,
We are bold to proclaim Thee almighty to save.
- 3 Thou hast conquer'd beneath
The sharpness of death,
Our souls to retrieve,
And open the kingdom to all that believe.
- 4 Believing on thee,
We rise from the tree,
And heavenward move,
And fly to thy throne on the wings of thy love.
- 5 Thy love that o'ercame
Our sorrow and shame,
And ransom'd our race,
And sent thee to God to prepare us a place.

6 Follow

RESURRECTION. 115

- 6 Follow after, it cries,
To your place in the skies;
By Emmanuel led,
Follow after, and suffer, and reign with your head.

H Y M N CX.

- 1 JESUS, who dy'd our souls to save,
Revives, and rises from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r:
From sin, and death, and hell, set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.
- 2 His angel rolls away the stone,
And sits in shining robes thereon,
Diffusing heav'nly rays:
The keepers prostrate lie through fear,
They shake, they fall, they cannot bear
To see his glorious face.
- 3 Children of God, look up, and see
Your Saviour cloath'd with Majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
In heav'n your mansions he prepares,
And soon will take you home.
- 4 Oh! may we all from sin awake,
May all in heav'n our places take,
Near our exalted Head:
May all our souls to heav'n aspire,
In thought, in will, in strong desire,
To carnal pleasures dead.

H Y M N

116 RESURRECTION.

H Y M N CXI.

1 **H**E dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
Come saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree !
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise :
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break of your tears, ye saints and tell,
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains :
Say, live for ever, wond'rous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save :
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting ?
And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave ?

H Y M N

RESURRECTION. 117

H Y M N CXII.

1 **B**REAK forth into praise,
Our Surety and Head,
His members to raise,
Hath rose from the dead ;
The pow'r of his Spirit
Hath quicken'd our Lord,
That we by his merit
May all be restor'd.

2 Our Captain and King
With shouts we proclaim,
And joyfully sing
The wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious
We publish, and feel,
Triumphantly glorious
O'er sin, death, and hell.

3 We sing of his love,
While sojourning here,
Till Christ, from above,
Our Saviour appear,
The heirs of salvation
With triumph receive,
In full consummation
Of glory to live.

H Y M N

118 EXALTATION.

*On the EXALTATION of CHRIST,
Or ASCENSION DAY.*

H Y M N CXIII.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the prince of light,
That cloath'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose,
He took the tyrants sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accent of our songs,
To our incarnate God.
- 5 Bright angels strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise,
Let heaven and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

H Y M N CXIV.

- 1 **A**ND is he remov'd,
Our Master lov'd,
Our heavenly Lord?
Is Jesus again to his heaven restor'd?

EXALTATION. 119

He is gone, he is gone
To his dearly bought throne,
Vanish'd out of our sight,
To his mansions of pure inaccessible light.

- 2 Yet patiently wait,
Till thy work is compleat,
And our spirits made fit
To attend on thee, Lord, in thy glorify'd state:
When in clouds thou shalt come,
And take thy bride home,
To thy banquet above,
To thy heavenly fulness of glory and love.

H Y M N CXV.

Phil. iv. 4. *Again I say Rejoice.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is king!
Your Lord and king adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

- 3 He sits at God's right Hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:

120 EXALTATION.

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' Archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound rejoice.

H Y M N CXVI.

- 1 **C**OME, see Christ rise in triumph,
And prostrate fall before him;
He mounts, he flies,
Above the skies,
Where all his hosts adore him.
The Spirit of our Master
Shall rest on each believer,
And surely we
Our Master see,
Who lives and reigns for ever.

- 2 Yes, our exalted Jesus,
By faith we now adore thee;
And still we sit
Before thy feet,
And triumph in thy glory:
In vain the flaming char'ot
Hath parted us asunder,
We still through grace
Behold thy face,
And shout our loving Wonder.

H Y M N

EXALTATION.

121

H Y M N CXVII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our triumphant head,
Ris'n victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory's gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.
- 2 Cherubs, on the Conqu'ror gaze;
Seraphs, glow with brighter blaze:
Each bright order of the sky,
Hail him, as he passes by.
- 3 Saints the glorious triumph meet;
See their en'mies at his feet:
By his scars his toils are view'd,
And his garments roll'd in blood.
- 4 Heav'n her King congratulates;
Opens wide her golden gates:
Angels songs of vict'ry sing;
All the blissful regions ring.
- 5 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord,
Holy Lamb, incarnate Word:
Hail, thou suff'ring Son of God;
Take the trophies of thy blood.

H Y M N CXVIII.

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n:

M

There

122 EXALTATION.

There the pompous triumph waits ;
 " Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
 " Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 " Take the King of Glory in."

- 2 Circled round with angel-pow'rs,
 Their triumphant Lord and ours,
 Conqu'ror o'er death, hell, and sin,
 Take the King of Glory in :
 See, he lifts his hands above ;
 See, he shews the prints of love ;
 Hark! his gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on his church below.
- 3 Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our Head to-day,
 See, thy faithful servants see,
 Ever gazing up to thee.
 Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking thee beyond the skies.
- 4 Ever upward may we move,
 Wafted on the wings of love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after home ;
 There may we with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

EXALTATION. 123

H Y M N CXIX.

1 **W**ELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fi'ry vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down :
If justice calls for sinners blood,
'The Saviour shews his own.

3 Before his Father's eye,
Our humble suit he moves ;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours sing :
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

H Y M N CXX.

Pfalm xxiv.

1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Drag'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

M 2

3 Loose

124 EXALTATION.

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' etherial scene ;
He claims these mansions for his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glo y, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord of glorious pow'r possess'd ;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

H Y M N CXXI.

- 1 **C**LAP your hands, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call :
Lift your voice, and shout his praise,
Triumph in his sov'reign grace.
- 2 Glorious is the Lord Most High,
Terrible in Majesty ;
He his sov'reign sway maintains,
King o'er all the earth he reigns.

- 3 He the people shall subdue,
Make us kings and conqu'rors too;
Force the nations to submit,
Bruise our sins beneath our feet.
- 4 Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his seat above the sky;
Shout the angel choirs aloud,
Echoing to the trump of God.
- 5 Sons of earth the triumph join,
Praise him with the Host divine;
Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs,
Their victorious LORD is ours.
- 6 Shout the God, enthron'd above,
Trumpet forth his conqu'ring love;
Praises to our Jesus sing;
Praises to our glorious King!
- 7 Pow'r is all to Jesus given,
Pow'r o'er hell, and earth, and heaven,
Pow'r to us he now imparts,
Praise him with believing hearts.
- 8 Wonderful in saving power,
Him let all our hearts adore,
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
Glory be to God on high.

On the OFFICES of CHRIST.

H Y M N CXXII.

- 1 **W**E bless the PROPHE^T of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace,
JESUS thy spirit, and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our HIGH PRIEST above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and fin.
By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by diff'rent ways;
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

H Y M N CXXIII.

The Priesthood of Aaron and Christ compared.

- 1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more,
Than the rich gems, and polished gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They

OFFICES OF CHRIST.

127

- 2 They first their own burnt off'rings brought
To purge themselves from sin,
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own;
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.
- 4 But *Christ*, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God,
Shews his own sacrifice.
- 5 *Jesus*, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill,
Looks like a lamb, that once was slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 6 He ever lives to intercede,
Before his Father's face;
Give him my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

H Y M N CXXIV.

The transcendent Excellencies of CHRIST in his

Person and Offices.

- 1 **J**ESUS how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling Thou!
O let me catch th' immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow!

Since

Since Angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the blest'd above.

- 2 My *Prophet* thou, my heav'nly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear,
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee my great *Prophet* I would love,
And imitate the blest'd above.
- 3 My great *High Priest*, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross;
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinners cause:
In thee I trust; thee I would love,
And imitate the blest'd above.
- 4 My *King* supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other Lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit:
My Saviour *King* this heart would love,
And imitate the blest'd above.

H Y M N CXXV.

Characters of CHRIST borrowed from Scripture.

- 1 **C**OME, worship at Emmanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet:
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace,

- 2 Is he our head? each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'r he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit and his love.
- 3 Is he a vine? his heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
O let a lasting union join
My soul, the branch, to Christ, the vine.
- 4 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, my soul would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.
- 5 Is he a rock? how firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
But the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.
- 6 Is he a Sun? his beams are grace,
The course he runs is joy and peace;
What healing in his wings appears,
To chase our clouds, and dry our tears!
- 7 When shall I climb those higher skies,
Where storms and tempests never rise!
Where he unveils his lovely face
And shines and reigns the God of grace!
- 8 Not earth, nor air, nor sun, nor stars
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears:
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

H Y M N CXXVI.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That ange's ever bore :
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.
- 2 But, oh ! what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our redeemer use,
To teach his heav'nly grace !
My soul, with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for thee.
- 3 Great *Prophet* of our God,
Our tongues would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came :
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.
- 4 Jesus, our great *High-Priest*,
Offer'd his blood, and dy'd ;
Thou guilty sinner, seek
No sacrifice beside :
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 5 Thou dear Almighty Lord,
Our conqu'ror and our *King*,
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing :
Thine is the pow'r, oh ! may we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

H Y M N CXXVII.

- 1 **A**RRAY'D in mortal flesh,
Christ like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands :
Commision'd from his father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.
- 2 Be thou our counsellor,
Our pattern, and our guide ;
And through this desert land
Still keep us near thy side :
Oh ! let our feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.
- 3 We'd hear our shepherd's voice,
Whose watchful eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring souls among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.
- 4 To this dear surety's hands,
My soul, commend thy cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His father's broken laws :
Believing souls now free are set ;
For Christ hath paid their dreadful debt.
- 5 Their advocate appears
For their defence on high,
The father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by :
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

132 DIV. OF THE HOLY GHOST.

- 6 Then let our souls arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 Our captain leads us forth
 To conquest and a crown :
 A feeble faint shall win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of thee ;
 No musick like thy charming name,
 Near half so sweet can be :
 O may we ever hear his voice
 In mercy to us speak,
 Then in our priest will we rejoice,
 Our great *Melchisedec*.

- 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay ;
 We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
 When all things else decay :
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all his favour'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

*On the DIVINITY of the HOLY GHOST, or
 WHIT-SUNDAY.*

H Y M N CXXIX.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look

DIV. OF THE HOLY GHOST. 133

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great !
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N CXXX.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thy influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost (for mov'd by thee
Thy holy prophets spoke)
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

134 DIV. OF THE HOLY GHOST.

- 3 Expand thy wings, prolific dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God through himself we then shall know,
If thou within us shine,
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

H Y M N CXXXI.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish their complaints,
And shew their sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure each conscience of its part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness in each heart,
That it is born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial dove,
Safely convey us home!

HYMN

H Y M N CXXXII.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, send down those beams
Which gently flow in silent streams,
From thy eternal throne above :
Come, thou enricher of the poor,
Thou bount'ous source of all our store,
Fill us with faith, with hope, and love.
- 2 Come, thou our soul's delightful guest,
The wearied pilgrim's sweetest rest,
The fainting suff'rer's best relief :
Come, thou our passions cool allay ;
Thy comfort wipes all tears away,
And turns to peace and joy all grief.
- 3 Lord, wash our sinful stains away,
Water from heav'n our barren clay,
Our sickness cure, our bruises heal :
To thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow,
Warm with thy fire our hearts of snow,
And there enthron'd for ever dwell.
- 4 All glory to the sacred Three,
One everlasting Deity,
All love, and pow'r, and might, and praise ;
As at the first, ere time begun,
May the same homage still be done,
When earth, and heav'n itself decays.

136 DIV. OF THE HOLY GHOST.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Chear our desponding hearts,
Thou heav'nly Paraclete;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 5 Shew us that loving man,
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of hosts, the Mighty God,
Th' eternal prince of peace.
- 6 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

DIV. OF THE HOLY GHOST. 137

- 7 If thou, celestial dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience, wrath, and law!
- 8 No longer burns our love,
Our faith and patience fail;
Our sin revives, and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.
- 9 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

- 1 **G**OOD spirit, like a rushing wind,
Descend and fill this place;
Let ev'ry soul to God be join'd,
And feel an heav'nly peace.
- 2 Sit on our heads like cloven tongues,
That we may sing thy praise;
And lengthen out our joyful songs
To everlasting days.
- 3 Our hearts, alas! are like the earth,
Without form, dark, and void;
Awake us to a second birth,
And fill our souls with God.

138 DIV. OF THE HOLY GHOST.

- 4 Our panting spirits thirst and cry,
Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Our natures change and purify,
And fix in us thy home.
- 5 Then will we publish and proclaim,
Through all the earth abroad,
The virtue of our Saviour's name,
The wonders of our God,

H Y M N CXXXV.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost; come, Lord our God,
Spread faith and love divine abroad;
And fill thy longing people's minds
With precious gifts of sundry kinds.
O Lord, who by thy heav'nly light,
Hast call'd thy church from sinful night
Out of all nations, tribes and tongues,
Thy praise shall make our choicest songs,
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

- 2 Thou light of glory, gracious Lord!
Revive us by thy holy word,
And teach thy flock in truth to call
On thee, the father of us all;
Delusive errors far remove,
And guide us always by that love,
Which keeping close to Jesu's path,
Rejects all other guides of faith.

Hallelujah!

- 3 Thou great dispenser of that love,
Which sent redemption from above,

O grant

REGENERATION. 139

O grant us faith and constancy,
To conquer sin, and yield to thee:
O Lord, by thine Almighty grace,
Prepare us so to run our race,
That we from bonds of sin kept free,
May gain a blest eternity.

Hallelujah ! &c.

On REGENERATION.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

- 1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of men, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh.
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise,
From the long sleep of death,
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

H Y M N

140 REGENERATION.

H Y M N S CXXXVII.

1 **A**T TEND, while God's exalted Son,
Doth his own glories shew,
Behold, I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.

2 I'll be a son of righteousness
To the new heav'ns I make;
None but the new born heirs of grace,
My glories shall partake.

3 Mighty Redeemer! set us free,
From our old state of sin;
Oh! make our souls alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.

4 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world, that grace has made,
We would for ever dwell.

The Necessity of renewing Grace.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

1 **H**OW helpless, guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchang'd, can never rise,
To happiness, and God.

2 The

R E G E N E R A T I O N. 141

- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray,
Reason debased, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

- 3 Can ought beneath a pow'r divine,
The stubborn will subdue;
'Tis thine, eternal spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darken'd eyes.

- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions, and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord be thine.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

The Joy of remarkable Conversion.

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd our mournful state,
The rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The

142 JUSTIFICATION.

- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
Our tongues broke out in unknown strains,
And sung the wond'rous grace.
- 3 Great is the work, our neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine;
Great is the work our hearts reply'd,
And be the glory thine.
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise.
'To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Tho' seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope,
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

On JUSTIFICATION.

H Y M N CXL.

Justification by Faith, not by Works.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built,
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let

J U S T I F I C A T I O N. 143

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand.
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law,
To justify us now ;
Since to convince, and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

H Y M N CXLI.

This is a faithful Saying. 1 Tim. i. 15.

1 **O** For a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis musick in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of cancel'd sin,
He sets the pris'ners free :
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4 Hear

144 JUSTIFICATION,

- 4 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 5 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race !
Look, and be fav'd thro' faith alone,
Be justify'd by grace.
- 6 With me your chief ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiv'n,
Anticipate your heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

H Y M N CXLII.

- 1 **T**HOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days:
My inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.
- 2 Ah, never let thy servant rest,
Till of my part in Christ possess,
I on thy mercy feed ;
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by him, who dy'd for all,
To eat the childrens bread.

3 Oh,

JUSTIFICATION. 157

- 3 Oh, may I cast my rags aside,
My filthy rags of virtuous pride,
And for acceptance groan ;
My works and righteousness disclaim,
With all I have, or can, or am,
And trust in Christ alone.
- 4 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,
Or sin, or righteousness, remove,
Thy glory to display ;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.
- 5 Father, in me reveal thy son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art ;
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thine hallowing spirit dwell
For ever in my heart.

H Y M N CXLIII.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,
Bid my sins and sorrows end ;
Whither should a sinner fly ?
Art not thou the sinner's friend ?
Rest in thee I long to find,
Wretched I, and poor, and blind.
- 2 Jesu, seek thy wand'ring sheep,
Make me restless to return ;
Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn,
Till I say, by grace restor'd,
Now thou know'st I love thee, Lord.

158 JUSTIFICATION.

3 Might I in thy sight appear
As the Publican distrest,
Come, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Groan the sinner's only plea,
God, be merciful to me.

4 On the margin of the grave,
In that last decisive hour,
Let me find thy pow'r to save,
All thy sanctifying pow'r;
See thee with my closing eyes,
Die into thy paradise.

H Y M N CXLIV.

1 **O** JESUS, the rest
Of spirits distrest,
In whom all the vessels of grace shall be blest!

2 Our brethren we see
By mercy set free,
Having found the abundant redemption in thee.

3 Thy pardoning grace
They gladly embrace,
And tell of thy goodness, and live to thy praise.

4 But still we remain
In bondage and pain,
Unable to bear or to shake off our chain.

JUSTIFICATION. 159

- 5 In the furnace we cry,
 Come, Lord, from the sky,
 Make haste to our help, or in Egypt we die.
- 6 Thy pris'ners release,
 Vouchsafe us thy peace,
 And our troubles and sins in a moment shall cease.
- 7 That moment be now,
 The petition allow,
 Our present Redeemer, and Comforter, Thou.

H Y M N CXLV.

1 **A** SINNER to thee, Lord, I come;
 Worthy that thou shouldst me consume,
 But oh ! one thing I plead,
 The ev'ry mite to thee I ow'd,
 Christ Jesus, with his own heart's blood,
 In pity for me paid.

2 I know, if thou shouldst bring me near,
 To answer at thy awful bar,
 And mine own self defend,
 If Jesus did his grace withdraw,
 I know, O Lord, thy fiery law
 My soul to hell would send.

3 But shouldst thou me to judgment call,
 And Moses fac'd me there, and all
 My many sins appear'd ;
 I would not fear, but boldy stand,
 If Jesus open'd his pierc'd hand,
 I know, I should be spar'd.

O 2

4 My

160 JUSTIFICATION.

- 4 My full receipt should there be shew'd,
Written, with iron pens, in blood,
On Jesu's hands and side :
I'm safe, I'd shout, O law and sin,
You cannot bring me guilty in,
For Christ was crucify'd.
- 5 I'll sing aloud, and ever say,
Worthy the lamb, who took away,
My sin, and curse beside ;
Worthy is he of ceaseless praise,
By him came pardon, life, and grace,
For he for sinners dy'd.

H Y M N CXLVI.

- 1 JESU, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
Fully thro' thee absolv'd I am,
From sin, and fear, from guilt, and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This

ADOPTION.

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- 5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The grace of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

ON ADOPTION,

HYMN CXLVII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, if thou my Father art,
Send forth the spirit of thy son;
Breathe him into my longing heart,
And make me know, as I am known;
Make me thy conscious child, that I
May father, Abba, father, cry.
- 2 I want the spirit of pow'r within,
Of love, and of an healthful mind;
Of pow'r to conquer inbred sin:
Of love to thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vig'rous when the body dies.
- 3 Oh! that the comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest;
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his lov'd abode,
The temple of indwelling God.

O 3

HYMN

H Y M N CXLVIII.

The Believers Song of Praise for Adoption.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render, Lord, to thee,
For thy surprizing grace,
That thou hast made my soul to see
Thy reconciled face!
- 2 That I, who was with stains of sin
So horridly defil'd,
Should thus be wash'd, and taken in
For thine adopted child!
- 3 When nothing but a bath divine
Of Jesu's dying blood
Could fit this leprous soul of mine
To stand before my God.
- 4 Yet this, ev'n this, was not with-held,
To ransom me when lost;
The Saviour's love my guilt expel'd,
Though his own blood it cost.
- 5 Blest be the father, who bestow'd
This glorious gift so free!
Blest be th' eternal son of God,
Who gave himself for me!
- 6 Blest be the spirit of his grace,
That seal'd my pardon sure,
And made me willing to embrace
What Jesus did procure!
- 7 Now to the great mysterious Three,
And everlasting One,
Who thus agreed to ransom me,
Be endless honours done!

HYMN

ADOPTION.

163

HYMN CXLIX.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, what wond'rous grace,
The father has bestow'd,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprizing thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jews of old knew not their king:
God's everlasting son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear,
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my father's love,
I share a filial part;
Send down thy spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN

ADOPTION.

HYMN CL.

- 1 **L**ET others boast their ancient line,
 In long succession great ;
 In the proud list let heroes shine,
 And monarchs swell the state :
 Descended from the King of Kings,
 Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me gracious God thy son,
 Own me an heir divine ;
 I'll pity Princes on the throne,
 When I can call thee mine :
 Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
 And lose their lustre in my eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
 To all I meet unknown ;
 And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
 And seat me near thy throne.
 No name, no honors, here I crave ;
 Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.
- 4 Jesus my elder brother lives,
 With him I too shall reign ;
 Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
 Shall make the promise vain.
 In him my title stands secure,
 And shall while endless years endure.
- 5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
 Shall once again appear ;
 Thou too my soul, shalt shine in light,
 And his full image bear :
 Enough—I wait th' appointed day,
 Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away !

SANCTIFICATION. 165

H Y M N CLI.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of all the worlds on high.
Allow my humble claim ;
Nor, while a worm wou'd raise its head,
Disdain a father's name.
- 2 My Father God ! how sweet the sound !
How tender, and how dear !
Not all the harmony of heav'n,
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart ;
And shew, that in Jehovah's grace,
I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe ;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

On SANCTIFICATION:

H Y M N CLII.

- 1 **A**RISE, my Lord, against the strong,
In me thy right display ;
Subdue whate'er offends, and chase
The rebel sin away.
- 2 Saviour, thy enemies are mine,
Erect thy throne within ;
From conquering to conquer go,
And clear my heart from sin.

3 The

166 SANCTIFICATION.

- 3 The stubborn foe contemns my pow'r,
I bring him, Lord, to thee :
Myself I bring, avenge my cause,
And set the injur'd free.
- 4 No sin would I except, not one
Of all the loathsome race ;
Examine, search, command, subdue,
By thy victorious grace.
- 5 Purge secret faults, and bosom vice,
Take a right hand or eye ;
Spare not an Agag, let him fall,
And hewn before thee die.
- 6 Bring forth the kings, who hide in caves,
That in my heart are bred ;
Let me on ev'ry tyrant's neck
With feet triumphant tread.
- 7 Saviour, in thee my vict'ry lies,
On thee alone I call ;
Be thou my strength, give strength'ning grace,
So shall I conquer all.

H Y M N CLIII.

Breathing after Holiness.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord wou'd guide our ways
To keep his statutes still ;
O that our God wou'd grant us grace
To know and do his will !

2 Since

SANCTIFICATION. 167

- 2 Since we are strangers here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road our feet shou'd go,
And be our constant guide.
- 3 Order our footsteps by thy word,
And make our hearts sincere;
Let sin have no dominion Lord,
But keep our conscience clear.
- 4 Make us to walk in wisdoms way,
'Tis a delightful road;
It leads to realms of endless day,
It leads to thine abode.

H Y M N CLIV.

The Necessity of renewing Grace.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchang'd, can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason debas'd, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can ought beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine eternal spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

168 A S S U R A N C E.

- 4 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall,
From reasons darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live!
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord be thine.

On A S S U R A N C E.

H Y M N C L V.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear
And dry my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heav'n, my All.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLVI.

Doubts scattered, or spiritual Joy restored.

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts be gone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears;
Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 O what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me, I was his,
And my beloved mine.
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

H Y M N CLVII.

Affurances of Heaven.

- 1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

P

2 With

- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heav'n for me,
A crown, which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed,
The prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe,
From ev'ry ill design,
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. *Amen.*

On P E A C E *of* C O N S C I E N C E.

H Y M N C L V I I I.

Praise for Peace of Conscience.

- 1 O U R God, our reconciled God,
Creator of our peace;
Thee will we love, and praise, and sing,
And never, never cease.

2 O U R

- 2 Our thoughts did rage, our souls were tost,
And like a troubled sea;
But what a mighty voice is this,
Which winds and seas obey.
- 3 God spake the word, Peace, and be still;
Our sins, those mutineers,
With speed went off, and took their flight:
Where now are all our fears.
- 4 The world can neither give nor take,
Nor yet can understand,
That peace of God, which Christ hath brought,
And gives us with his hand.
- 5 Where God doth dwell, sure heav'n is there,
And singing there must be:
Since, Lord, thy presence makes our heav'n,
Whom should we sing but thee.
- 6 Our God, our reconciled God,
Creator of our peace;
Thee will we love, and praise, and sing,
And never, never cease.

H Y M N CLIX.

The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

- 1 **L**ORD how secure and blest'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
 Made up of innocence and love;
 And soft and silent as the shades,
 Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
 But fly not half so swift away;
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
 Where groves of living pleasure grow!
 And longing hopes, and chearful smiles,
 Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
 But spend the day, and share the night,
 In numb'ring o'er the richer joys,
 That heav'n prepares for their delight.
- 6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
 Lie grov'ling in the dust below;
 Almighty grace renew our souls,
 And we'll aspire to glory too.

H Y M N CLX.

Peace restored.

- 1 **O**H, speak that gracious word again,
 And chear my drooping heart!
 No voice but thine can sooth my pain,
 Or bid my fears depart.

2 And

- 2 And canst thou still vouchsafe to own
A wretch so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?
- 3 Oh! then let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that heal'd a breach like mine,
And put my foes to shame!
- 4 How oft did satan's cruel boast
My troubled soul affright!
He told me, I was surely lost,
And God had left me quite.
- 5 Guilt made me fear, lest all were true,
The lying tempter said!
But now the Lord appears in view,
My enemy is fled.
- 6 My Saviour, by his pow'rful word,
Has turn'd my night to day;
And his salvation's joys restor'd,
Which I had sinn'd away.
- 7 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore,
Thy grace is all divine;
Oh keep me, that I sin no more,
Against such love as thine.

- 1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But when the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine;
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable divine!
- 5 These are the joys that satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
That make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot;
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them who know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

H Y M N CLXII.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and help me to rejoice,
In hope that I shall hear thy voice,
Shall one day see my God;
Shall cease from all my sin and strife,
Handle and taste the word of life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.
- 2 I shall not always make my moan,
Or worship thee a God unknown,
But I shall live to prove
Thy peoples rest, thy saints delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
Of thy redeeming love.
- 3 Answer, dear Lord, thy spirit's groan,
O make me to thy nature known,
Thy hidden name impart;
(Thy title is with thee the same)
Tell me thy nature and thy name,
And write it on my heart.
- 4 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of hosts, thy glorious name,
The Lord, the gracious Lord,
Long-suff'ring, merciful, and kind,
The God, who always bears in mind
His everlasting word.

HYMN

H Y M N CLXIII.

1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising-sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

H Y M N CLXIV.

1 **O**N Jordan's banks, when Israel stood,
And view'd the beauteous scene,
Prevented only by the flood
That roll'd its waves between.

2 What

- 2 What raptures then must fill their breast,
To see their place so near,
Where they should find their promis'd rest,
And banish ev'ry fear!
- 3 But Oh! than theirs, how wondrous far
Are those which now we taste!
Since theirs in prospect only were,
But ours are joys possess.
- 4 Pardon and peace, thro' Jesus, here,
Are to our souls apply'd,
And seats hereafter giv'n to share
Among the sanctify'd.

H Y M N CLXV.

Rejoicing in our Covenant with God.

- 1 O Happy day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad,
- 2 O happy bond, that seals our vows,
To him who merits all our love;
Let chearful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine we move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he his mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

178 PERSEVERANCE.

- 4 Now rest my long divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest,
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels bread to feast.
- 5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour we bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

ON PERSEVERANCE.

H Y M N CLXVI.

- 1 **I**N a world of hate and rancour,
Lord, thy truth my spirit feels,
And in Christ she rests at anchor,
For from him her health proceeds:
This is faithful, my salvation,
And my strength is Christ alone;
From this Rock of exaltation,
By no blast shall I be blown.
- 2 O confide, with much subjection,
In the Lord, ye faithful flock,
Kneeling with sincere affection,
For Christ Jesus is our Rock:
This is faithful, my salvation,
And my strength is Christ alone;
From this Rock of exaltation,
By no blast shall I be blown.

PERSEVERANCE. 179

- 3 God himself, in glory seated,
Speaks amidst seraphic throngs,
Twice I've heard the same repeated,
That all pow'r to Christ belongs:
This is faithful, my salvation,
And my strength is Christ alone;
From this Rock of exaltation,
By no blast shall I be blown.

H Y M N CLXVII.

- 1 O My distrustful heart,
What must I always doubt?
Still must I feel this smart,
And thus be tofs'd about?
Did Jesus once upon thee shine?
Then Jesus is for ever thine.
- 2 Immutable his will,
Whatever is thy frame,
His loving heart is still
Unchangeable the same;
My soul through many changes goes;
His love no variation knows.
- 3 Will he not carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work he hath begun
In me a sinful worm?
Will God reveal his Son in me,
And cast me off eternally?

180 PERSEVERANCE.

- 4 The bowels of his grace
At first did freely move;
I still behold his face,
And feel that God is love:
My soul into his arms I cast;
I know I shall be sav'd at last.

H Y M N CLXVIII.

- 1 **A** Debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'ring to bring:
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

- 2 The work which his goodness begun,
The arm of his strength will compleat;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Nor sever my soul from his love.

- 3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Imprest on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace:

Yes,

PERSEVERANCE. 181

Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n ;
More happy, but not more secure,
Than glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

H Y M N CLXIX.

- 1 **I**F Jesus is yours,
You have a true friend,
His goodness endures
The same to the end.
Your tempers may vary,
Your comforts decline ;
You cannot miscarry,
Your aid is divine.

H Y M N CLXX.

Saints in the Hands of Christ.

- 1 **F**IRM as the earth, thy Gospel stands
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
If I am found in Jesu's hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engag'd to save,
The meanest of his sheep,
All that his heav'nly father gave ;
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall ere remove,
His fav'rites from his breast,
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must for ever rest.

182 PERSEVERANCE.

H Y M N CLXXI.

Preserving Grace.

1 **T**O God the only wise;
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies.
Their humble praises bring,

2 'Tis his Almighty love;
His counsel and his care;
Preserves us safe from sin and death
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present his saints,
Unblemish'd and compleat;
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed,
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace;
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God;
Wisdom and pow'r belongs;
Immortal crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN

ORDINANCES. 183.

ORDINANCES, or HYMNS for PUBLIC WORSHIP.

H Y M N CLXXII.

1 **W**E come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving kindness wait;
And oh! how awful is this place;
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate!

2 Thee, king of nations, we proclaim,
Who would not our great sov'reign fear!
We wait t'experience all thy name,
And now we come to meet thee here.

3 Rejoice our hearts to find thee nigh,
To thee our joyful hearts aspire;
And lo, we see, descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

4 Still let it on th'assembly stay,
And all this house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out our way,
And bring us to thy holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the gen'ral church above;
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thy everlasting love.

H Y M N CLXXIII.

1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
Oh! do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
Lord on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow :
Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of Joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope :
Grant that those who seek may find ;
Thee a God sincere and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

ORDINANCES. 185

H Y M N CLXXIV.

Delight in Worship.

1 **F**AR from our thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let our religious hours alone :
Oh, may our eyes our Saviour see ;
We wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 Oh, warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire :
Come, our dear Jesus, from above,
And feed our souls with heav'nly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love !

4 Hail, great Emmanuel, all divine !
In thee thy father's glories shine :
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known !

H Y M N . CLXXV.

1 **S**WEET is the work, O God, our king,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

186 ORDINANCES.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care, should seize our breast;
Oh! may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 Our hearts should triumph in thee, Lord,
And bless thy works and bless thy word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Oh! may we see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below:
May all our pow'rs find sweet employ
In Christ's eternal world of joy.

H Y M N CLXXVI.

Going to Worship.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour meets his flock to-day,
Shall I in sloth abide at home?
Shall I behind his people stay?
When Jesus calls, there still is room:
I'll go, it is a house of pray'r,
Who knows but God may meet me there?
- 2 To-day Emmanuel feeds his saints,
And there the Christians find their king;
There they lay open their complaints,
And there the holy army sing:
Into their number I'll presume,
Since Jesus kindly bids me come.

- 3 How long did faithful Anna wait,
And seek the Lord? for fourscore years
Both day and night, the temple gate
She watch'd with many groans and tears;
Nor would she leave the house of pray'r,
'Till God vouchsaf'd to meet her there.
- 4 Dear Saviour, then permit me pow'r,
And like the saint I'll watch for thee;
Content, I'll wait th' appointed hour,
When thou shalt be reveal'd in me:
Daily my soul within thy gate
Shall for thy loving-kindness wait.
- 5 Remove temptations O my Lord,
And let mine enemies be slain,
Which would withdraw me from thy word,
And plunge me in the world again:
And when the bridegroom shall appear,
Oh! let my soul be found in pray'r.

H Y M N CLXXVII.

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heav'n your joys and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great works of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

188 O R D I N A N C E S.

- 3 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

- 1 **S**AFELY thro' another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On this holy sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest!
- 2 Mercies, multiply'd each hour,
Through the week, our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty pow'r,
Fed and guided by his hand;
Tho' ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Shew thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free;
May we rest this day in thee.
- 4 Here we're come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

ORDINANCES, 189

- 5 May thy Gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer finners, comfort saints;
May the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief for all complaints;
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

H Y M N CLXXIX.

Delight in Ordinances.

- 1 **C**ONFIRM the hope thy word allows,
Behold us waiting to be fed,
Bless the provision of thy house,
And satisfy the poor with bread.
- 2 Drawn by thy invitation, Lord,
Athirst and hungry we are come:
Now from the fulness of thy word,
Feast us, and send us thankful home.

H Y M N CLXXX.

Delight in Ordinances.

- 1 **T**IS the fair dawn of heav'nly day,
To heav'nly bliss, the shining way,
When to his temple GGD descends,
And their converse with his friends.
- 2 At his right hand our Saviour stands,
With golden censers in his hands,
To lift our services on high,
Perfum'd with his own fragrancy.

190 O R D I N A N C E S.

- 3 These are the dearest hours I know,
The sweetest joys of all below;
Here I would choose my first abode,
And dwell for ever near my God.
- 4 One gracious smile, my Lord, from thee,
One glimpse of what thy glories be,
Will yield my soul more solid mirth
Than all the trifling joys of earth.
- 5 And were the world at my command,
For one dear hour at thy right hand,
The mighty int'rest I'd resign,
And count th' advantage greatly mine.

H Y M N CLXXXI.

- 1 **H**AIL glorious day, when from the dead
My blest Redeemer rose;
Bruis'd the old serpent on his head,
And vanquish'd all his foes.
- 2 God's temple gates now open stand,
To give me entrance in,
While my Redeemer is at hand,
To answer for my sin.
- 3 There I may hear his saving word,
And see his smiling face,
Join in the triumphs of my Lord,
And praise his saving grace.

4 Lord,

O R D I N A N C E S. 191

4 Lord, kindle up an heav'nly fire,
And make devotion glow;
Teach my affections to aspire,
And leave the things below.

5 Delightful day, but quickly gone,
Soon are thy pleasures o'er;
When will my sabbath be begun,
And never ended more.

H Y M N CLXXXII.

1 **N**OW may the spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love.

2 Thee, we the comforter confess;
Unless thou'rt present here,
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless pray'r.

3 Wake, heav'nly wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

4 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word;
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention on the Lord.

HYMN

192 O R D I N A N C E S.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

- 1 **C**OME, guilty souls, and flee away,
Like doves to Jesu's wounds ;
This is the welcome gospel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 God lov'd the world, and gave his son
To drink the cup of wrath ;
And Jesus says, he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

Before Sermon,

- 1 **F**ATHER, behold with gracious eyes,
The souls before thy throne ;
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy son.
- 2 On me, on all, some gifts bestow,
Some blessing now impart ;
The seed of life eternal sow
In ev'ry waiting heart.
- 3 Refresh us with a heav'nly show'r
Of graces from above ;
Till all receive the heart-felt pow'r
Of everlasting love.

4 O Father

- 4 O father, glorify thy son,
And grant us this desire;
For Jesu's sake, the gift send down,
And answer us by fire.
- 5 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heav'n ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

H Y M N CLXXXV.

The blessedness of Gospel Times.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

194 O R D I N A N C E S.

- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! Oh! the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears,
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r,
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise the Lord.

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!
Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r,
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise the Lord.

H Y M N CLXXXVII.

For a Blessing on the Means of Grace.

- 1 **B**ELOVED Saviour, faithful Friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train,
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship thee in vain.

2 In

- 2 In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence with-hold ;
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.
- 3 Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciled face ;
Yea, prove thy presence in these means,
To bless a vile and helpless race.
- 4 Here manifest thyself in peace ;
Thy faithful mercies now make known :
Oh ! breathe on us a gale of grace,
And send the cheering blessing down.
- 5 We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know thee as thou art ;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

Sabbath Evening.

- 1 **T**HREE happy saints, who dwell above,
In God's immediate sight,
They glow with everlasting love,
And shine divinely bright.
- 2 Increase, O Lord, my faith and hope,
And fit me to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er will end.

196 ORDINANCES.

- 3 There I shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine,
For ever feed on heav'nly fare,
And have the taste divine.
- 4 Where I shall never rest nor tire,
But sound immortal lays;
Keep concert with the heav'nly choir,
And live and breathe in praise.

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

- 1 **O** Jesus our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy word.
- 2 In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.
- 3 The ancient of days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.
- 4 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
The language of mercy, salvation thro' blood.
- 5 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

O R D I N A N C E S. 197

- 6 The people who know
 The Saviour below
 With burning affection to worship him glow.

- 7 Their anguish and smart
 And sorrows depart,
 Who find his salvation inscrib'd on their heart.

- 8 This blessing is mine,
 Through favour divine,
 But oh ! my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

- 9 The work is of grace,
 Thine, thine be the praise,
 And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

H Y M N CXC.

- 1 **D** I S M I S S us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word :
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good ;
 Wash all our works in Jesu's blood :
 Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

198 O R D I N A N C E S.

H Y M N CXCI.

A blessed Gospel.

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound,
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

H Y M N CXCII.

At the Coming of a Gospel Minister.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, welcome, blessed Servant,
Messenger of Jesu's grace:
Oh! how beautiful the feet of
Him that brings good news of peace!
All hail, Herald, &c. &c.
Priest of God, thy peoples joy.
- 2 Saviour, bless his message to us,
Give us hearts to hear the sound
Of redemption, dearly purchas'd
By thy death and precious wounds;
O reveal it, &c. &c.
To our poor and helpless souls.

O R D I N A N C E S, 199

- 3 Give reward of grace and glory
 To thy faithful Labourer dear ;
 Let the incense of our hearts be
 Offer'd up in faith and pray'r ;
 Bless, O bless him, &c. &c.
 Now, henceforth, for evermore.

H Y M N CXCIH.

- 1 **O** For faith, for faith divine,
 To trust in Christ alone ;
 Faith, that makes the blessings mine,
 The promises mine own ;
 Faith, to call the Saviour Lord ;
 Faith, to touch his bleeding side ;
 Faith, to feel his precious Word
 Now savingly apply'd.

- 2 Send the promis'd blessing down,
 Now give thy Word succses ;
 Let a Saviour's presence crown
 This ordinance with grace :
 Comfort ev'ry mourning soul,
 Set the captive pris'ner free ;
 Speak the loathsome leper whole,
 And O remember me.

H Y M N CXCIV.

- 1 **G**LORY, and thanks, and praise,
 To him that hath the key ;
 Jesus thy sov'reign grace
 Gives us the victory ;
 Baffles the world and Satan's pow'r
 And open throws the gospel door.

200 O R D I N A N C E S.

- 2 Thy miracles of grace
We now repeated see,
The dumb proclaim thy praise,
The deaf attend on thee;
Leap as a bounding hart the lame,
And shew the pow'r of Jesu's name.
- 3 The lepers are made clean,
The blind their sight receive,
Quicken'd the dead in sin,
The humble poor believe
The gospel of their sin forgiv'n,
With God himself sent down from heav'n.

H Y M N CXC.V.

For the Success of the Gospel.

- 1 **C**APTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high,
The summon send from coast to coast,
And, call a num'rous army nigh.
- 2 A solemn jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great sabbatic-day;
Assert the glories of thy name,
Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey.
- 3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign;
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The myst'ry to the heart explain.
- 4 Lord, shed thy light, make plain the way
That leads to Sion's lofty tow'r;
Pierc'd by thy beams, let night be day,
So shall we see and praise thy pow'r.

ORDINANCES, 201

H Y M N CXCVI.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, who daily feed'st thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast :
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.
- 2 Welcome and dear unto each soul
Are these sweet feasts of love ;
But what a sabbath shall we keep
When we shall rest above !
- 3 We bless thy wise and wond'rous love,
Which binds us to be free ;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to thee.
- 4 We come, we wait, we hear, we pray ;
Thy footsteps, Lord, we trace :
We sing to think this is the way
Unto our Saviour's face.

H Y M N CXCVII.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To his abode,
My soul aspire,
With warm desire,
To see thy God.

202 O R D I N A N C E S.

1 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay,
Their constant service there!
They praise Christ still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's Hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length
Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious seat!
Our God and King,
Us thither bring,
To kiss thy feet.

4 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good with-holds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee!

H Y M N CXCVIII.

The Lord's Day.

1 **H**OW welcome to the saints, when press'd
With six days noise, and care, and toil
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile.

2 Now,

- 2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a different air;
Compos'd and soft'ned by the day,
All things another aspect wear.
- 3 How happy if their lot is cast,
Were stately the gospel sounds;
The word is honey to their taste,
Renews their strength, and heals their wounds.
- 4 Tho' pinch'd with poverty, at home,
With sharp afflictions daily fed;
It makes amends, if they can come,
To God's own house for heav'nly bread.
- 5 With joy they hasten to the place,
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burthens and their griefs forget.
- 6 This favour'd lot, my friends, is ours,
May we the privilege improve,
And find these consecrated hours
Sweet earnest of the joys above!
- 7 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord,
Here we thy promis'd presence seek;
Open thine hand, with blessings stor'd,
And give us manna for the week!

204 O R D I N A N C E S.

H Y M N CXCIX.

Prayer for Ministers.

- 1 **C**HIEF shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free;
May ev'ry under shepherd keep
His eye, intent on thee!
- 2 With plenteous grace, their hearts prepare,
To execute thy will;
Compassion, patience, love and care,
And faithfulness and skill.
- 3 In flame their minds with holy zeal
Their flocks to feed and teach,
And let them live, and let them feel
The sacred truths they preach.
- 4 Oh! never let the sheep complain
That toys, which fools amuse;
Ambition, pleasure, praise, or gain,
Debase the shepherds views.
- 5 He, that for these, forbears to feed
The souls whom Jesus loves;
Whate'er he may profess or plead,
An idol shepherd proves.
- 6 The sword of God shall break his arm,
A blast shall blind his eye;
His word shall have no pow'r to warn,
His gifts shall all grow dry.

O Lord

- 7 O Lord, avert this heavy woe,
 Let all thy shepherds say !
 And grace, and strength, on each bestow,
 To labour while 'tis day.

H Y M N CC.

Prayer for a revival.

- 1 SAVIOUR visit thy plantation,
 Grant us Lord a gracious rain !
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again :
 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high ;
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
- 2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
 Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
 Happy seasons, we have seen !
 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see ;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Where are those we counted leaders,
 Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?
 Old professors, tall as cedars,
 Bright examples to our youth !
 Some in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below ;
 Some alas ! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show.

H Y M N CXCIX.

Prayer for Ministers.

- 1 **C**HIEF shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free ;
May ev'ry under shepherd keep
His eye, intent on thee!
- 2 With plenteous grace, their hearts prepare,
To execute thy will ;
Compassion, patience, love and care,
And faithfulness and skill.
- 3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal
Their flocks to feed and teach,
And let them live, and let them feel
The sacred truths they preach.
- 4 Oh ! never let the sheep complain
That toys, which fools amuse ;
Ambition, pleasure, praise, or gain,
Debase the shepherds views.
- 5 He, that for these, forbears to feed
The souls whom Jesus loves ;
Whate'er he may profess or plead,
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A blast shall blind his eye ;
His word shall have no pow'r to warn,
His gifts shall all grow dry.

O Lord

- 7 O Lord, avert this heavy woe,
 Let all thy shepherds say !
 And grace, and strength, on each bestow,
 To labour while 'tis day.

H Y M N C C.

Prayer for a revival.

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 Grant us Lord a gracious rain !
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again :
 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high ;
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
- 2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
 Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
 Happy seasons, we have seen !
 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see ;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Where are those we counted leaders,
 Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?
 Old professors, tall as cedars,
 Bright examples to our youth !
 Some in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below ;
 Some alas ! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show.

206 O R D I N A N C E S.

4 Younger plants,—the sight how pleasant,
 Cover'd thick with blossoms flood ;
 But they cause us grief at present,
 Frosts have nip'd them in the bud !
 Dearest Saviour hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain !

5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in pray'rs ;
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the worlds bewitching snares.
 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh,
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work a fresh.

H Y M N CCI.

1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCII.

Sabbath Morning.

1 **G**REAT God this sacred day of thine
 Demands our soul's collected pow'rs;
 May we employ in work divine,
 These solemn, these devoted hours !
 O ! may our souls, adoring own
 The grace, which calls us to thy throne !

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles fly,
 Where God resides, appear no more :
 Omniscient God, thy piercing eye,
 Can every secret thought explore :
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3 The word of life, dispens'd to day,
 Invites us to a heav'nly feast ;
 May every ear the call obey,
 Be every heart a humble guest !
 O bid the wretched sons of need,
 On soul reviving dainties feed !

4 Thy spirit's powerful aid impart ;
 O may thy word with life divine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart,
 Then shall the day indeed be thine :
 Then shall our souls adoring own
 The grace, which calls us to thy throne.

I N V I T A T I O N.

I N V I T A T I O N.

H Y M N CCIII.

1 **H**O! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
 ('Tis God invites the fallen race)
 Mercy and free salvation buy,
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come,
 Sinners obey your Maker's call,
 Return ye weary wand'ers home,
 And find my grace is free for all.

3 See from a rock a fountain rise!
 For you, in healing streams, it rolls:
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,
 Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give:
 Leave all ye have, and are, behind;
 Freely the gift of God receive,
 Pardon, and peace, in Jesus find.

H Y M N CCIV.

1 **W**AKE, drowsy soul, from sin awake,
 And run the Christian race,
 To this great work thyself betake,
 Whilst 'tis a day of grace.

- 2 The go'pel sounds, the spirit moves,
God courts thee to be blest'd ;
He kindly thy delays reproveth,
And prompts to wiser haste.
- 3 Oh! wilt thou still God's patience try ?
And still keep dreaming on ?
Nor to a Saviour's bosom fly,
Nor fiery vengeance shun ?
- 4 Lay ev'ry other bus'ness by,
And this great bus'ness mind ;
Swift thy uncertain moments fly,
And few are left behind.
- 5 O let th' important work be done,
Done, whilst 'tis call'd to-day,
Lest thou the time of hope outrun,
And rue the mad delay.

H Y M N CCV.

Come, for all things are now ready.

- 1 **S**INNERS obey the Gospel-word,
Haste to the supper of my Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away !
- 2 Ready the father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son ;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

- 3 Ready the spirit of his love,
Just now the stony heart to move;
'T'apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of Gospel-grace.
- 6 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Is ready with their shining host;
All Heav'n is ready to resound
The dead's alive, the lost is found.

H Y M N CCVI.

The Gospel Supper.

- 1 **C**OME now ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ an hearty welcome find.
- 2 Come and partake the gospel-feast,
Be fav'd from sin in Jesu's rest,
O taste the goodness of our God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood.

INVITATION.

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- 3 See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice !
His offer'd love make haste t' embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.
- 4 Ye who believe his record true
Shall sup with him, and he with you ;
Come to the feast, be sav'd from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.

H Y M N CCVII.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak, and wounded, sick, and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with pow'r:
He is able, &c. &c.
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome:
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,
Without money, &c. &c.
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you, &c. &c.
'Tis the spirit's rising beam.

4 Come

4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous, &c. &c.
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him grov'ling in the garden;
 Lo! your maker prostrate lies:
 On the bloody tree behold him,
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 It is finish'd, &c. &c.
 Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Saints and angels join the concert,
 Sing the praises of the lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah, &c. &c.
 Sinners here may sing the same,

H Y M N CCVIII.

1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Bring your humble grateful lays,
 Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise:
 Friend of sinners, &c. &c.
 Thee we laud for richest grace.

2 O what

2 O what grace hast thou vouchsafed !
 O what mercy hast thou shewn !
 When to die for vilest rebels,
 Thou didst leave thy blissful throne !
 Bleeding Saviour, &c. &c.
 Melt, O melt our hearts of stone.

3 Come, ye finners, come to Jesus,
 Think upon your gracious Lord ;
 He has pity'd your condition ;
 He has sent his Gospel-word :
 Mercy calls you, &c. &c.
 Mercy flows from Jesu's blood.

4 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant
 To proclaim thy wond'rous love ;
 Pour thy grace upon this people,
 That thy truth they may approve ;
 Bless, O bless them, &c. &c.
 From thy shining courts above.

5 Now thy gracious word invites them
 To partake the Gospel-feast ;
 Let thy spirit sweetly draw them ;
 Ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest :
 O receive us, &c. &c.
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.

H Y M N CCIX.

1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesu's name ;
 Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and blest redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 6 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 7 Hither then your musick bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string ;
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

H Y M N CCX.

1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God
 With new melodious songs;
 Come, tender to Almighty grace
 The tributes of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
 That pity'd dying men,
 The Father sent his equal Son.
 To give them life again !

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging rod,
 No hard commission to perform
 The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry ;
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
 And you shall never die.

6 O dearest Lord, melt down our souls
 T' accept thine offer'd grace ;
 Then will we bless the Saviour's love,
 And give the Father praise.

H Y M N C C X I .

Jesus Christ the friend of Sinners.

- 1 **W**HERE shall my wond'ring soul begin?
 How shall I all to heav'n aspire?
 A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
 A brand pluck'd from eternal fire;
 How shall I equal triumphs raise,
 And sing my great deliv'rer's praise?
- 2 What though the ancient dragon rage,
 And call forth all his host to war;
 Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
 Them and their god alike I dare:
 Jesus, the sinner's friend, proclaim,
 Jesus, to sinners still the same.
- 3 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
 Groaning beneath your load of sin,
 His bleeding heart shall make you room,
 His open side shall take you in;
 He calls you now, invites you home:
 Come, O my guilty brethren, come.
- 4 For you the purple current flow'd
 In pardons from his wounded side;
 Languish'd for you th' eternal God,
 For you the Prince of Glory dy'd:
 Believe, and all your sins forgiv'n;
 Only believe, and yours is heav'n.

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On FAITH and REPENTANCE.

H Y M N CCXII.

The Triumph of Faith.

1 **H** EAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee ;
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour ;
The love divine
Which made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.

T

Thou

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3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear,
Whilst thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us ;
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

H Y M N CCXIII.

The humble Publican.

1 **N**OW see the Publican oppress,
With all his heinous sins ;
Afar he stands, and smites his breast,
And humbly thus begins :

2 Great

FAITH AND REPENTANCE. 219

2 Great God, behold, and now extend
Thy rich free-grace to me;
Tho' nought I have to recommend
My guilty soul to thee.

3 I am a sinner, I confess,
Polluted all, and vile;
Yet, Lord, amidst my deep distress,
In mercy on me smile.

4 God heard his penitential cry,
And answer'd his request,
Pafs'd all his black offences by,
And eas'd his throbbing breast.

5 While on the boasting Pharisee
He looks with angry frown,
The humble publican doth He
In tender mercy own.

6 O sinners, here example take,
To ply the throne of grace;
God surely will, for Jesu's sake,
An answer grant of peace.

H Y N N CCXIV.

1 **A**WAY my unbelieving fear;
Fear shall no more in me have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face;

T 2

But

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But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no;
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil;
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil:
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And no one bud of grace appear;
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin is here:
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he dy'd for me.

4 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord and God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up;
Salvation is in Jesu's name:
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

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H Y M N CCXV.

- 1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

H Y M N CCXVI.

For an increase of Faith.

- 1 **H**AIL, Alpha and Omega, hail,
Author of all our faith,
The finisher of all our hopes,
The Truth, the Life, the Path.
- 2 Hail, First and Last, the Morning Star,
In whom we live and move,
Increase our little spark of faith,
And purify our love.
- 3 Let that belief which Jesus taught
Be treasur'd in our breast,
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.
- 4 O let us go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace,
From one degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

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H Y M N CCXVII.

Faith and Repentance.

1 **L**ET us ask th' important question
 (Brethren, be not too secure)
 What it is to be a Christian ;
 How we may our hearts assure.
 Vain is all our best devotion,
 If on false foundations built :
 True religion's more than notion ;
 Something must be known and felt.

2 'Tis to trust our well-beloved
 In his blood has wash'd us clean.
 'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,
 'Tho' we feel it rise within.
 To believe that all is finish'd,
 Tho' so much remains t'endure.
 Find the dangers undiminish'd ;
 Yet to hold deliv'rance sure.

3 'Tis to credit contradictions,
 Talk with him one never sees,
 Cry and groan beneath afflictions ;
 Yet to dread the thoughts of ease.
 'Tis to feel the fight against us ;
 Yet the vict'ry hope to gain.
 To believe that Christ has cleans'd us ;
 'Tho' the leprosy remain.

4 'Tis to hear the Holy Spirit
 Prompting us to secret pray'r.
 To rejoice in Jesu's merit ;
 Yet continual sorrow bear.
 To receive a full remission
 Of our sins for evermore ;
 Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
 Begging mercy ev'ry hour.

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- 5 To be stedfast in believing;
Yet to tremble, fear, and quake.
Ev'ry moment be receiving
Strength; and yet be always weak.
To be fighting, fleeing, turning;
Ever sinking; yet to swim;
To converse with Jesus, mourning
For ourselves, or else for him.

H Y M N CCXVIII.

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'st when finners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then

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- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

H Y M N CCXIX.

The Repenting Prodigal.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate;
He begs a share amongst the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.
- 2 " I die with hunger here, he cries;
" I starve in foreign lands;
" My father's house has large supplies,
" And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 " I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
" Fall down before his face;
" Father! I've done thy justice wrong,
" Nor can deserve thy grace.
- 4 " He said, and hasten'd to his home,
" To seek his father's love;
" The Father saw the rebel come,
" And all his bowels move.
- 5 " He ran and fell upon his neck,
" Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
" The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
" For follies he had done.

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- 6 " Take off his cloaths of shame and sin,
" The Father gives command,
" Drefs him in garments white and clean,
" With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 " A day of feasting I ordain,
" Let mirth and joy abound,
" My son was dead and lives again ;
" Was loft and now is found."

H Y M N CCXX.

Repentance from a sense of Divine Goodness.

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow !
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind ;
What strange-rebellious wretches we
And God as strangely kind.
- 3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays ;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.
- 4 The brutes obey their God
And bow their necks to men ;
But we more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.

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5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls a flesh;
Break sovereign grace these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise.

H Y M N CCXXI.

Repentance at the Cross.

1 **O** H! if my soul was form'd for woe
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucify'd my God;
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view;
I'll raise revenge against my sins
And slay the murd'ers too.

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H Y M N CCXXII.

- 1 **A**LTHO' the fig-tree shall not bear,
Nor fruit upon the vine appear;
The labour of the olive fail,
Nor verdant pasture clothe the vale.
- 2 Though bleating flocks should perish all,
Nor fatten'd herds adorn the stall;
And tho' this dismal sight and sound
Spread want and famine all around.
- 3 Yet in my God will I rejoice,
With thankful heart, with cheerful voice;
His praise shall all my pow'rs employ,
And his salvation all my joy.

H Y M N CCXXIII.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made,
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

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- 4 He fought a city fair and high,
Built by th'eternal hands ;
And faith assures us, tho' we die ;
That heav'nly building stands.

On PRAYER and PRAISE.

H Y M N CCXXIV.

For the Spirit of Prayer.

- 1 **O** THOU father of compassions,
O thou God of mercies, hear,
Send the spirit of supplications,
Send the gracious comforter :
Have respect to Jesu's merit,
To thy church the gift impart ;
Send him now, the pleading spirit
Pour into thy peoples heart.
- 2 If we have, through him found favour,
If for us he ever prays,
Now, in honor of our Saviour,
Grant the all-commanding grace :
Stir us up to pray'r unceasing,
Let us all the promise claim,
Wrestle for the mighty blessing,
For the new mysterious name.
- 3 Send our long-desir'd Messias,
Us to teach thy perfect way ;
Faithful, fervent as Elias,
Let us in the spirit pray :
Let the pow'r to us be given
(Weak and helpless as we are)
Pow'r to shut and open heaven,
All th' omnipotence of pray'r.

HYMN

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

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H Y M N CCXXV.

For the Spirit of Prayer.

1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day ;
To all thy tempted followers give
The pow'r to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O ! let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing pray'r.

3 Th' spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim ;
To wrestle, till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thine open face ;
While faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And pray'r in endless praise.

H Y M N CCXXVI.

1 **O** WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace !
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him !

2 How happy the man, whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee !
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

U

3 Their

- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
 They shall, as their right thy righteousness claim:
 Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy
 blood,
 Bold they shall appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r,
 And I also trust to see the glad hour,
 My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
 The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence;
 I trust in his word, none plucks me from thence;
 Since I have found favour, he all things will do,
 My King and my Saviour will make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known:
 For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness of all that believe.

H Y M N CCXXVII.

Adoring Free-Grace.

- 1 **O** LORD, how great's the favour!
 That we such sinners poor
 Can, through thy blood's sweet favour,
 Approach thy mercy's door,
 And find an open passage
 Unto the throne of grace,
 There wait the welcome message,
 That bids us go in peace.

2 Lord, we are helpless creatures,
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid, and inly dead ;
Our strength is perfect weakness,
And all we have is sin ;
Our hearts are all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford us aid ?
Where shall we find compassion,
But in the Church's Head ?
Jesus, thou art all pity,
O ! take us to thine arms,
And exercise thy mercy,
To save us from all harms.

4 We'll never cease repeating
Our numberless complaints,
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of saints,
Till we attain the image
Of pure and gospel love,
And pay our grateful homage
With all the saints above.

5 Then we, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleasing story
Of Jesu's love, so great :
In this blest contemplation
May we for ever dwell,
And share such consolation
As none below can tell.

H Y M N CCXXVIII.

Desiring to Praise.

- 1 **C**OME thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—Oh! fix us on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus fought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.
- 3 Oh! to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be;
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, Oh! take and seal it,
Seal it for thyself above.

H Y M N CCXXIX.

For the Graces of the Spirit.

- 1 JESU, bow thy willing ear,
Stoop to a poor sinner's pray'r;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Hearken what my heart shall say;
Of the tree of life now give,
Bid my soul to eat and live.
- 2 Make me chaste, and pure, and clean,
Wash my heart from ev'ry sin;
Let me know the hidden stone,
Be my treasure, and my crown;
Let the sacred snowy vest
Clothe me for the marriage feast.
- 3 Daniel's wisdom let me know,
Stephen's faith and spirit too;
John's divine communion feel,
Moses's meekness, Mary's zeal;
Let me, as unweary'd Paul,
Win the day, and conquer all.

H Y M N CCXXX.

O come let us sing unto the Lord.

- 1 DISCIPLES of Christ, ye friends of the
Lamb,
Attend and assist in singing his fame;
Eternal thanksgiving the faithful should pay;
The living, the living, as we do this day.

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- 2 A body of clay he humbly put on,
And then took away the sin we had done;
And in it endured the wrath to us due,
The curse we incurred, our stripes and our woe.
- 3 Not only he dy'd, but also arose;
Laid weakness aside and over his foes
(Sin, Death, and the Devil) he triumphed o'er,
And every evil, dominion and pow'r.
- 4 O merciful Lamb, who sits on the throne,
We bow at thy name, we count thee alone
Deserving our blessing; and blessing we'll give,
Without ever ceasing, so long as we live.

H Y M N CCXXXI.

Praying to live by Christ.

- 1 JESU, thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine only, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone;
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My ev'ry act, word, thought be love.
- 3 O love, how chearing is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing streams arise:
O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing hear, feel, or think, but thee.

- 4 Unweary'd may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my breast renew
This holy flame, this heav'nly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard this sacred treasure there.
- 5 In suff'ring be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my pow'r;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesu, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast dy'd.

H Y M N CCXXXII.

Praising Christ.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing till we hear Christ say
"Your sins are all forgiv'n:"
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day,
Till we all meet in heav'n.

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H Y M N CCXXXIII.

Inviting to Praise.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, your master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, that sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son;
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory, and pow'r, and wisdom, and might;
All honour, and blessing, with angels above;
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

H Y M N CCXXXIV.

- 1 **O** FOR an heart to praise my God,
An heart from sin set free,
An heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

3 An

- 3 An heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

H Y M N CCXXXV.

Exhorting to Praise.

- 1 **C**OME, my brethren, Isr'el's race,
And hear me bless my King;
Hear me my beloved praise,
My Jesus do I sing:
Neither hear my song alone,
But help, O help me to proclaim
Jesus, our Creator's son;
Jesus! that lovely name.
- 2 Others sing their time away,
Who Jesus never knew;
Ought not we to pass our day
In joy and singing too?
Others have they cause to bless?
The children of the King have more;
They have Christ their Righteousness,
Their glory, peace, and pow'r.

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- 3 Bow thy throne, thou Son of God,
 And with a living coal
 From the altar stain'd with blood,
 Inspire each drowsy soul,
 Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can shew,
 Or fully who can sing thy praise?
 Lord, we fail in hymns below,
 Teach, teach us heav'nly lays.

H Y M N CCXXXVI.

- 1 JESU, the ever-faithful word
 Thy gracious lips hath past,
 And, trusting in my faithful Lord,
 I shall be sav'd at last.
- 2 Whate'er I ask, with longing heart,
 Expecting to receive,
 Almighty God, thou ready art,
 And promisest to give.
- 3 I ask the gift of righteousness,
 The sin-subduing pow'r,
 Pow'r to believe, and go in peace,
 And never grieve thee more.
- 4 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
 The liberty from sin,
 The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,
 The kingdom fixt within.
- 5 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,
 Thou see'st my heart's desire;
 Made ready in thy pow'rful day,
 Thy fulness I require.

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- 6 My veh'ment soul cries out oppress'd,
 Impatient to be freed;
 Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
 Till I am sav'd indeed.

H Y M N CCXXXVII.

To Jesus Christ.

- 1 **O** Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only holy, only just,
 O tune our souls to praise thy name,
 Jesus! unchangeable, the same!
- 2 If angels, whilst to thee they sing,
 Wrap up their faces in their wing,
 How shall we sinful dust draw nigh
 The great, the awful Deity?
- 3 Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb!
 Thou holy Lord, thou great I Am;
 With all our pow'r, thy grace we bless,
 Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.
- 4 Live, ever glorious Jesus, live,
 Worthy all blessings to receive!
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
 With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet!

H Y M N CCXXXVIII.

- 1 **H**OW can we adore, or worthily praise,
 Thy goodness and pow'r, thou God of all
 grace!
 With honour and blessing, before thee we fall,
 Most gladly confessing Thee Father of all.
- 2 The

240 PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 2 The Heav'ns and earth, and water and air,
To thee owe their birth, subsist by thy care;
While angels are singing thy praises above,
We mortals are bringing our tribute of love.
- 3 Thou, Saviour, art one with God the Supreme,
His eternal Son, and equal with him;
Invested with glory, on high dost thou sit,
While angels adore thee, and bow at thy feet.
- 4 How great was thy love! how wond'rous thy grace!
Thou cam'st from above to save a lost race;
And man, to deliver, of Mary wast born,
That ev'ry believer to God might return:
- 5 How soon will thy seat of judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet and welcome thee there;
Thy witnessing Spirit in us shed abroad,
And bid us inherit the kingdom of God.
- 6 The Father, and Son, and Spirit agree,
To constitute one compleat Deity:
Sweet Jesus, thy merit makes peace with our God,
And by thy good Spirit, fall'n souls are renew'd.

H Y M N CCXXXIX.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine!
- 2 Bless, O my soul the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot?

- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
- 5 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

H Y M N CCXL.

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

- 1 **T**HEY will neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.
- 3 'Twas He (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis He restores our ruin'd frame;
Salvation to the Lord!

X

4 Hosanna!

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- 4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

H Y M N CCXLI.

Gratitude.

- 1 **W**HAT shall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r ?
Teach us to bow the humble knee,
Teach us with thankfulness t'adore,
To praise thee as thy saints above,
To praise thee for thy wond'rous love.
- 2 When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's eye,
When borne along th' impetuous tide
Of this world's sin and vanity,
Our Jesus from the heav'ns came down
To save us by his grace alone.
- 3 He bore our sins upon the tree,
To seek and save the lost he came ;
There was he bound to set us free
From death and everlasting shame :
The captive flock from hell was freed
And ransom'd, when their Shepherd bled.
- 4 Before the Father's awful throne,
Our merciful High-Priest he stands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands :
His people's everlasting friend,
Who loving, loves them to the end !

5 May

5 May we his banish'd ones rejoice,
 Him for our LORD and GOD to own,
 To take him for our only choice,
 And cleave to him in love alone ;
 Be growing up in holiness
 Then meet him in the realms of peace.

6 Then shall our grateful songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be wip'd away ;
 No sin, no sorrow shall be found,
 No night o'ercloud the endless day.
 O praise him all beneath, above ;
 O praise him, praise the God of love.

H Y M N CCXLII.

Praise for Answer of Prayer.

1 **W**HAT are the heav'ns, O God of heav'n !
 Thou art more bright, more high :
 What are bright stars and brighter saints,
 To thy bright majesty !

2 Thou'rt far above the songs of heav'n,
 Sung by the holy ones ;
 And dost thou stoop and bow thine ear
 To a poor sinner's groans !

3 God knows the language of our hearts,
 Our groans and sighs he hears ;
 He hath a book for our requests,
 A bottle for our tears.

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- 4 And now Christ is our Altar, and
Our Advocate above;
His blood did cleanse our pray'r, and gain'd
An answer full of love.
- 5 It could not be that thou should'st hear
A mortal sinful worm;
But now our pray'rs presented are
In a most glorious form.
- 6 Christ's precious hands take our requests,
And turn our dross to gold;
His blood puts warmth into our pray'rs,
Which are by nature cold.
- 7 Thou hear'st our groans for Jesu's sake,
Whom thou dost hear always;
Lord, hear, through that prevailing name,
Our voice of joy and praise.

H Y M N CCXLIII.

The returning Backslider's Hymn of Praise.

- 1 **N**OW to my Saviour God
I'll lift my thankful voice,
Whose kind and wise chastizing rod
Has made my heart rejoice.

- 2 All ye that fear the Lord,
Hear what I now declare;
Hear how the Lord my soul restor'd
Out of the fowler's snare.

3 When

- 3 When I had left his path,
And chose the downward road,
He drew me from the gates of death,
Wherein I fondly trod.
- 4 But, Oh! I ne'er can tell
The thousandth part I owe
To Christ, who from the brink of hell
Sav'd me, his bitter foe.
- 5 Assist me now to sing,
All ye who love the Lord,
Ye that have felt the serpent's sting,
And are by grace restor'd.

H Y M N CCXLIV.

- 1 **C**OME, let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain?
Their faces veil when they appear,
Before the Son of Man.
- 3 O Lord, we cannot silent be;
By love we are constrain'd,
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Saviour and our Friend.

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4 Tho' feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise,
Our grateful songs of humble praise,
Our well-meant sacrifice.

5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness shew,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name,

6 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus giv'n;
By men below, by hosts above,
By all in earth and heav'n.

H Y M N CCXLV.

Glory be to God on high.

1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man the well-belov'd of heav'n.

2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd,
Hail, the everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
Lord of pow'r, and God of love.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

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4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear the world's atonement thou.

6 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
With thy Father art but One!
One the Holy Ghost with Thee;
One supreme eternal Three!

H Y M N CCXLVI.

Glory and Praise to Christ.

1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul, awake my tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim!

2 See where it shines in Jesu's face!
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
Exult, my soul, at Jesu's name!
Ye angel's, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

4 Oh!

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- 4 Oh ! that we all may reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name on harps of gold !

H Y M N CCXLVII.

Psalms 146.

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless ;
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

H Y M N CCXLVIII.

Psalm 150.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord who reigns above
And keeps a court below ;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness shew :
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless pow'r ;
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heav'n adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's name ;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
The Lord of hosts proclaim :
Praise him ev'ry tuneful string,
All the reach of heav'nly art ;
All the pow'rs of musick bring,
The musick of the heart.
- 4 Him, in whom we move and live,
Let ev'ry creature sing ;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King :
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heav'n on earth ador'd ;
Praise the Lord in ev'ry breath ;
Let all things praise the Lord.

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H Y M N CCXLIX.

The Great Fulfiller of the Law:

- 1 JESUS, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee belongs eternal praise :
Thy saints shall endless tribute bring
To thee, their Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 2 For ever be thy name ador'd,
Thou hast my sinking hopes restor'd ;
Thou hast my clouds of terror clear'd,
When nought but death and hell appear'd.
- 3 Yet when I think on what it cost
To save my soul that once was lost,
The price is so immense and free,
I scarce can trust 'twas paid for me.
- 4 Pardon and cure my unbelief,
Great Ransomer of sinners chief ;
And shew me that thy dying blood
Hath reconcil'd my injur'd God.
- 5 Then shall I sing with heart and voice,
And only in thy name rejoice :
Yea, all my pow'rs shall sweetly join
To celebrate thy grace divine.
- 6 While in thy courts below I dwell,
Thy matchless love I'll loudly tell ;
But when I reach thy courts above,
Each breath shall breathe seraphic love.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCL.

Hymn of Praise to Jesus Christ.

- 1 **H**AIL thou once despised Jesus,
Hail thou Galilean King,
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring,
Hail thou universal Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame;
By whose merits we find favour,
Life is given thro' thy name.
- 2 Pascal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on thee laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made;
Ev'ry sin may be forgiv'n,
Thro' the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heav'n,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
Spare them yet another year:
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, pow'r and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

252 PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Help ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
 Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise.

H Y M N CCLI.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune ;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial Grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal Love
 Its chief beloved chose,
 And bid him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woe.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
 No terror clothes his brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardon down
 To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now sinners dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrows cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 May we obey the call,
 And lay an humble claim
 To the salvation he hath brought,
 And love and praise his name.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLII.

- 1 **I**N Moses's song, the lamb we proclaim,
The praise doth belong to Jesus's name;
Triumphantly glorious our Jesus hath been,
And more than victorious o'er hell, earth, and sin.
- 2 The world and its prince no longer are found;
Our tyrannous sins are bury'd and drown'd,
O'erwhelm'd by a motion of Moses's rod,
And plung'd in the ocean of Jesus's blood.
- 3 The Lord is my might, redeem'd by his grace,
I pay him his right, I sing of his praise;
Our Lord's habitation, in us he doth dwell,
And all his salvation to sinners reveal.

H Y M N CCLIII.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat,
Yet, who that knows the worth of pray'r;
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw:
Gives exercise to faith and love.
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

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- 3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight,
Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest faint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? ah think again,
Words flow apace, when you complain;
And fill your fellow creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To Heav'n in supplication sent;
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
Hear, what the Lord has done for me.

H Y M N CCLIV.

Pray without ceasing.

- 1 **P**RAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live shou'd Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.
- 2 The Christian's heart, his pray'r indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And

- 3 And shall we dead in silence lye,
When Christ stands waiting for our pray'r?
My soul thou hast a friend on high,
Arise and try thy Interest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt reject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 5 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

ON BAPTISM.

HYMN CCLV.

Children devoted to God.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the LORD,
“I'll be a God to thee,
“I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
“Shall be a seed for me.”
- 2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

- 3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
 When she receiv'd the Word;
 Thus the believing jailer gave,
 His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later faints, eternal King!
 Thine ancient truth embrace;
 And thee their infant offspring bring,
 And humbly claim thy grace.

H Y M N CCLVI.

Circumcision and Baptism.

- 1 **T**HUS did the sons of Abra'm pass,
 Under the bloody seal of grace;
 The young disciples bore the yoke,
 'Till Christ the painful bondage broke.
- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove,
 His father's cov'nant, and his love;
 He seals to saints his glorious grace,
 And not forbids their infant race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood;
 Their children set apart for God;
 His spirit on their Offspring shed,
 Like water pour'd upon the head,
- 4 Let ev'ry faint with cheerful voice,
 In this large covenant rejoice;
 Young children in their early days,
 Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

HYMN CCLVII.

FATHER of heav'n, we thee address
 (Obedience is our view)
 Accept us in thy Son, and blefs
 The work we have to do.

2 Thy holy ord'nance we obey,
 O meet us in the same;
 And with this water now convey
 The virtues of thy name.

3 Jesus, as water well apply'd
 Will make the body clean,
 So, in the fountain of thy side,
 Wash thou the soul from sin.

4 Celestial dove, descend from high,
 And on the water brood;
 And with thy quick'ning pow'r apply
 The water and the blood.

5 Great God, Three-One, again we call,
 And our requests renew;
 Accept in Christ, and blefs withal
 The work we've now to do.

HYMN CCLVIII.

FATHER, in these reveal thy son,
 In these, for whom we seek thy face;
 The hidden mystery make known,
 The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

Y 3

2 Jesu,

- 2 Jesu, with us thou always art,
 Effect'ate now the sacred sign;
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And bless thine ordinance divine.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
 Baptizer of our spirits thou;
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now.

H Y M N CCLIX.

Dedication of our Offspring to God.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
 With all engaging charms;
 Hark! how he calls the tender lambs
 And folds them in his arms.
- 2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 'Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust;
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

*On the HOLY SACRAMENT of the LORD's
SUPPER.*

H Y M N CCLX.

Thirsting for Christ.

- 1 **I** Thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are those who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!
- 4 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 5 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow;
To thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

H Y M N

H Y N N CCLXI.

- 1 **O**UR Jesus still remains the same
 As in his agony and pain;
 His love's as flaming and as strong
 As when on Calvary he hung.
- 2 My soul, then think upon his death,
 His bowing head, his yielding breath;
 Such love the Saviour bore to thee,
 When bleeding on Mount Calvary!
- 3 Mark! how he groans under thy sin,
 And sheds his blood to wash thee clean;
 Such virtue from his suff'rings flow
 As makes the sinner white as snow.
- 4 Then let us praise his holy name,
 Who bore our sins, our curse, and shame,
 And sing our Saviour's dying love,
 Till we are call'd to reign above.

H Y M N CCLXII.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying friend:

Here

S A C R A M E N T. 261

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie,
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye:
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Love I much, I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death:
 May I still enjoy this feeling
 In all need to Jesus go;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

H Y M N CCLXIII.

1 **I**N this expressive bread I see
 The wheat by man cut down for me,
 And beat, and bruised, and ground:
 The heavy plagues, and pains, and blows,
 Which Jesus suffered from his foes,
 Are in this emblem found.

2 The

- 2 The Bread dry'd up and burnt with fire,
Presents the Father's vengeful ire,
Which my Redeemer bore :
Into his bones the fire he sent,
'Till all the flaming darts were spent,
And justice ask'd no more.
- 3 Why hast thou, Lord, forsook thine own?
Alas ! what evil hath he done ?
The spotless Lamb of God
Cut off, not for himself, but me,
Bears all my sins upon the tree,
And pays my debt in blood !

H Y M N CCLXIV.

- 1 **A** H ! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins, which have thy body torn ;
Give me with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony,
To weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my sorrow with thy blood.
- 2 Oh ! could I gain the mountain's height,
And look upon that piteous fight ;
Oh ! that with Salem's daughters I
Might stand, and see my Saviour die ;
Smite on my breast, and inly mourn,
But never from thy cross return.

H Y M N CCLXV.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
Thine inward witness give;
To all our waiting souls reveal
The death by which we live.
- 2 Spectators of the pangs divine
Oh! that we now may be;
Discerning in the sacred sign
His passion on the tree.
- 3 Give us to hear the dreadful sound
Which told his mortal pain,
Tore up the graves and shook the ground,
And rent the rocks in twain.
- 4 Repeat the Saviour's dying cry
In ev'ry heart so loud,
That ev'ry heart may now reply,
This was the son of God!

H Y M N CCLXVI.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou know'st my simpleness,
All my groans are heard by thee;
See me hung'ring after grace,
Gasping at thy table see,
One who would in thee believe,
Would with joy the crumbs receive.

264 SACRAMENT.

- 2 Look as when thy closing eyes
Saw the thief beside thy cross;
Thou art now gone up on high,
Undertake my desp'rate cause:
In thy heav'nly kingdom thou,
Be the friend of sinners now.
- 3 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Send a peaceful answer down;
Let the bowels of thy love
Echo to a sinner's groan;
One who feebly thinks on thee,
Thou for good remember me

H Y M N CCLXVII.

- 1 **W**HO is this that comes from far,
Clad in garments dipt in blood?
Strong triumphant traveller,
Is he Man? or is he God?
- 2 I that speak in righteousness,
Son of God and Man I am;
Mighty to redeem your race:
Jesus is our Saviour's name!
- 3 Wherefore are thy garments red,
Dy'd as in a crimson sea?
They that in the wine-fat tread
Are not stain'd so much as thee!
- 4 I, the Father's fav'rite Son,
Have the dreadful wine-press trod,
Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
All the fiercest wrath of God.

HYMN

H Y M N CCLXVIII.

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes of faith, and look
On the signs he did ordain !
Thus the Bread of Life was broke ;
Thus the Lamb of God was slain ;
Thus was shed on Calvary
His last drop of blood for me !
- 2 See the slaughter'd Sacrifice !
See the altar stain'd with blood !
Crucify'd before your eyes,
Faith discerns the dying God ;
Dying that our souls might live,
Gasping at his death, forgive !

H Y M N CCLXIX.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, whose bleeding love
We thus recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find ;
Think on us who think on thee,
And ev'ry struggling soul release :
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

266 SACRAMENT.

- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all iniquity release:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

- 3 Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
The sinner's pardon seal,
Speak us freely justify'd,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree
Let all our griefs and troubles cease:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

- 4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness,
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

H Y M N CCLXX.

- 1 **S**EARCHER of hearts, in ours appear,
And make and keep them all sincere:
Or draw us burthen'd to thy Son,
Or make him to his mourners known.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy promis'd grace vouchsafe to give,
As each is able to receive ;
The blessed grief to all impart,
Or joy, or purity of heart.
- 3 Our helpless unbelief remove,
And melt us by thy pard'ning love ;
Work in us faith, or faith's increase,
The dawning, or the perfect peace.
- 4 Give each, to thee as seemeth best ;
But meet us all at thy own feast :
Thy blessings in the means convey,
Nor empty send one soul away .

H Y M N CCLXXI.

- 1 **I**N Jesus we live, in Jesus we rest,
And thankful receive his dying bequest ;
The cup of salvation his mercy bestows,
And all from his passion our happiness flows.
- 2 With mystical wine he comforts us here,
And gladly we join, till Jesus appear,
With hearty thanksgiving his death to record ;
The living, the living should sing of their Lord.
- 3 He hallow'd the cup, which now we receive,
The pledge of our hope, with Jesus to live
(Where sorrow and sadness shall never be found)
With glory and gladness eternally crown'd.

268 S A C R A M E N T.

- 4 The fruit of the vine (the joy it implies)
 Again we shall join to drink in the skies,
 Exult in his favour, our triumph renew ;
 And I, faith the Saviour, will drink it with you.

H Y M N CCLXXII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, God, who see'st in me
 Only sin and miser ,
 See thine own anointed One,
 Look on thy beloved Son.
- 2 Turn from me thy glorious eyes
 To that bloody Sacrifice ;
 To the full atonement made ;
 To the utmost ransom paid.
- 3 To the Blood that speaks above,
 Calls for thy forgiving love ;
 To the tokens of his death,
 Here exhibited beneath.
- 4 Hear his blood's prevailing cry,
 Let thy bowels then reply ;
 Then through him the sinner see ;
 Then in Jesus look on me.

HYMN

H Y M N CCLXXIII.

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls!
- 3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongues,
Lord, why was I a guest?
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

H Y M N CCLXXIV.

- 1 **'T**WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

270 S A C R A M E N T.

- 2 Before the mourn'ul scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake :
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 This is my body broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food ;
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine,
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.
- 4 Do this, he cry'd, till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your doing friend ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the lamb.

H Y M N CCLXXV.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, for whom we languish,
Make thy grief
Our relief;
Ease us by thine anguish.
- 2 O our agonizing Saviour,
By thy pain,
Let us gain
God's eternal favour.

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3 In thine own appointments bleſs us,
Meet us here,
Now appear
Our Almighty Jeſus.

4 Let the ordinance be ſealing;
Enter now,
Claim us thou
For thy conſtant dwelling.

5 Fill the heart of each believer;
We are thine,
Love divine,
Reign in us for ever.

H Y M N CCLXXVI.

1 **F**ATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To ſee thy glories ſhine;
The Lord will his own table bleſs,
And make the feaſt divine.

2 We touch, we taſte the heav'nly Bread,
We drink the ſacred Cup;
With outward forms our ſenſe is fed,
Our ſouls rejoice in hope.

3 We ſhall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dreſs'd in the garments of his Son,
And ſprinkled with his blood.

4 We

272 . S A C R A M E N T .

4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky :
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

5 Let us indulge a chearful frame,
For joy becomes a feast ;
We love the mem'ry of his name
More than the wine we taste.

H Y M N CCLXXVII.

1 **O** PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
Sing praises to his name ;
O all ye saints of heav'n and earth,
Extol and laud his fame.

2 Who spared not his only Son,
But gave him for us all,
And made him drink the cup of wrath,
The wormwood and the gall.

3 Frail nature shrunk, and did request
The bitter cup might pass ;
But he must drink it off, and this
The Father's pleasure was.

4 Lo, then I come to do thy will,
His blessed Son reply'd ;
And meekly yielding to the cross,
He stretch'd his arms and dy'd.

5 He

- 5 He dy'd indeed, but rose again,
And did ascend on high,
That we poor sinners, lost and dead,
Might live eternally.
- 6 Good Lord, how many souls in hell
Doth vengeance vex and tear !
Oh ! had not Jesus interpos'd,
Our dwelling had been there.
- 7 His blood was shed instead of ours,
His soul our guilt did bear :
He took our sins upon himself ;
Oh ! love beyond compare !
- 8 Whatever is not hell itself,
For us it is too good ;
But shall we eat the flesh of Christ !
And shall we drink his Blood !
- 9 His flesh is heav'nly food indeed ;
His blood is drink divine ;
His graces drop, like honey falls ;
His comforts taste like wine.
- 10 Thou, Jesu, hast refresh'd our souls
With thine abundant grace :
For which we magnify thy name,
And long to see thy face.
- 11 When shall our souls mount up to thee,
Most holy, just, and true,
To eat that bread, and drink that wine,
Which is for ever new ?

H Y M N CCLXXVIII.

1 **H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesu's cross subdu'd;
See his body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood!
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murder'd Gop's eternal Son!

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him here,
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with the soldier's spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice;
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Shall we let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue our God?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No; with all our sins we part—
Saviour take a broken heart.

H Y M N CCLXXIX.

Incomparable Food, or the Flesh and Blood of Christ.

1 **T**HE Banquet that we eat,
Is made of heavenly things;
Earth has no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings,

2 In

- 2 In vain had Adam fought,
And search'd his garden round ;
For there was no such blessed fruit,
In all that happy ground.
- 3 Th' Angelic host above,
Can never taste this food ;
They feast upon their Maker's love ;
But not a Savior's blood.
- 4 On us th' Almighty Lord,
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.
- 5 Come all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with your king ;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.
- 6 Salvation to the Name
Of our adored Christ,
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the highest.

On CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

H Y M N CCLXXX.

- 1 COMPANIONS of thy little flock,
Dear Lord, we fain would be ;
Our helpless hearts to thee look up,
To thee our shepherd flee.

2 Oh!

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- 2 Oh ! might we lean upon that breast,
Which love and pity fill ;
And now become those lambs carest,
That in thy bosom dwell.
- 3 How sweet that voice, how sweet that hand,
Which leads to pastures fair,
Shews Canaan's milk and honey land,
Provided by thy care !
- 4 As one in heart we all rejoice,
The sinner's friend to praise :
The shepherd dy'd ; oh ! 'tis his voice,
He'll us to glory raise.

H Y M N CCLXXXI.

- 1 **D**O any ask the reason why,
We here together meet ?
To such enquirers we reply,
To bow at Jesu's feet.
- 2 Do you again of us demand,
Wherefore we here are come ?
We're trav'ling to a distant land,
For this is not our home.
- 3 If farther you demand of us,
Our native town and place ;
It's called spir'tal wilderness,
Whence we are snatch'd by grace.

- 4 If still the natives blind remain,
And don't the reason know ;
From Egypt, we reply again,
And unto Canaan go.
- 5 Ask then no more, unless you mean
Trav'ling with us to go,
And feel and own yourselves unclean,
Resolv'd our Christ to know.
- 6 If so, we gladly you receive
Into our company ;
Come, sinner, come, repent, believe,
And Abba, Father, cry.
- 7 But if you will not with us go,
Don't evil us entreat ;
Your land we're only trav'ling thro',
Our Saviour God to meet.

H Y M N CCLXXXII.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Shew thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
 Lowly, meek in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
 Each his brother's burden bear,
 To thy church the pattern give,
 Shew how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
 To thy family above,
 On the wings of angels fly,
 Shew how true believers die.

H Y M N CCLXXXIII.

1 **G**IVER of concord, Prince of peace,
 Meek Lamb-like Son of God,
 Bid our unruly passions cease,
 O quench them with thy blood.

2 Rebuke the seas, the tempest chide,
 Our stubborn will control;
 Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
 And calm our troubled soul.

3 O let thy love our hearts constrain,
 Jesus, the crucify'd;
 What hast thou done our hearts to gain?
 Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

4 Who

- 4 Who would not now pursue the way,
Where Jesu's footsteps shine ?
• Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine !
- 5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control ;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.
- 6 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
“ See how these Christians love !”

H Y M N CCLXXXIV.

- 1 **P**ARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up ;
Jointly let us rise, and sing
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise ;
Walk in him we have receiv'd,
Shew we not in vain believ'd.
- 2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite ;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship of Jesu's love :
Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the bonds of duty join'd ;
Feels the cleansing blood apply'd,
Daily feels that Christ hath dy'd.

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- 3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
 Cleanse from all unrighteousness ;
 Thee th' unholy cannot see ;
 Make, O make us meet for thee :
 Ev'ry vile affection kill,
 Free our souls from ev'ry ill ;
 Conquer every inbred sin,
 Write thy law of love within.
- 4 Hence may all our actions flow,
 Love the proof that Christ we know ;
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee :
 Love, thy image, love impart,
 Stamp it fully on each heart ;
 Only love to us be giv'n,
 Lord, we ask no other heav'n.

H Y M N CCLXXXV.

- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of ev'ry sinful heart ;
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless ;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each others cross to bear ;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.

- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little flock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive the ready bride;
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
With all the sanctify'd.

H Y M N CCLXXXVI.

- 1 JESU, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For oh! the wolf is nigh.
- 2 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.
- 3 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.
- 4 Keep us till then in perfect peace,
And call us each to prove
An endless age of heav'nly bliss,
An endless age of love.

H Y M N CCLXXXVII.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly king,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise;
Glorious in his works and ways!
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

H Y M N CCLXXXVIII.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come thou and with us now abide,
Who would alone on thee rely ;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place ;
And hasten through the vale of woe,
And restless to behold thy face ;
Swift to our heav'nly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind ;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The new Jerusalem to find :
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the new Jerusalem.
- 4 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd,
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

H Y M N CCLXXXIX.

The seeking Soul encouraged.

1 **O** LORD, we would believe thee kind,
 Thou never canst unmindful prove;
 Surely we shall thy mercy find,
 Who ask shall all receive thy love;
 Nor canst thou it to me deny,
 I ask, the chief of sinners I.

2 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong,
 Your downcast hands and eyes lift up;
 Ye shall not be forgotten long,
 Now then, e'en now, in Jesus hope:
 Tell him ye wait his grace to prove,
 Ye cannot fail, for God is love.

3 Pris'ners of hope, be strong, be bold,
 Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear;
 Dare to believe, on Christ lay hold,
 Wrestle with Christ in mighty pray'r:
 Tell him ye will not let him go,
 Till ye his name, his nature know.

H Y M N CCXC.

Christian Fellowship.

1 **T**O praise redeeming love,
 Dear Christians, lend a voice;
 Come, thou diviner Dove,
 And help us to rejoice:

Our

Our hearts, too low,
 Lord, thou canst raise;
 Blest Spirit, blow,
 And we shall praise.

2 Here, Lord, may we admire
 The riches of thy grace,
 Till thou shalt call us higher,
 There to behold thy face:
 Oh! height of grace;
 Oh! depth of love:
 Lord, fit us for
 Our place above.

3 Who can thy love express?
 Thy mercy ne'er decays!
 What can our souls do less
 Than love thee all our days?
 Bless God each soul,
 Ev'n unto death,
 And write a song
 For ev'ry breath.

H Y M N CCXCI.

1 **W**HERE shall my wond'ring soul begin?
 How shall I all to heav'n aspire?
 A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
 A brand pluck'd from eternal fire;
 How shall I equal triumphs raise,
 And sing my great deliv'rer's praise?

2 What

- 2 What though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his host to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare:
Jesus, the sinner's friend, proclaim,
Jesus, to sinners still the same.
- 3 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin,
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in;
He calls you now, invites you home:
Come, O my guilty brethren, come.
- 4 For you the purple current flow'd
In pardons from his wounded side;
Languish'd for you th' eternal God,
For you the Prince of glory dy'd:
Believe, and all your sins forgiv'n;
Only believe, and yours is heav'n.

O n C O N F L I C T.

H Y M N CCXCII.

Matt. xi. 28. *Come unto me, all ye that labour.*

- 1 **O** That my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!

2 When

- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see;
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
- 4 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,
Appear, in my poor heart appear,
My God, my Saviour, come away.
- 5 One deep unto another cries,
My mis'ry, Lord, implores thy grace;
When wilt thou hear, and bow the skies,
When shall I see my Jesu's face.
- 6 Answer thy death's design in me,
The guilt and pow'r of sin remove;
Redeem from all iniquity,
Renew and fill my soul with love.

H Y M N CCXCIII.

Pf. xxxvii. 5. Commit thy way unto the Lord.

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, before the lamb,
Fall and do him rev'rence;
Bless him for his blood and name,
Sing his great deliv'rance.

2 Why

- 2 Why should sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or temptation ?
Is not Christ upon the throne,
Still thy strong salvation ?
- 3 Cast thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour ;
He (whose hands for thee were bor'd)
Can and will deliver.
- 4 Turn thee to thy rest, my soul,
Turn thee and discover
How he yet is merciful,
Turn thee to thy lover.
- 5 Blush that thou hast him forgot,
Who can happy make thee ;
Gaze upon him, who thee bought,
Till to him he takes thee.
- 6 Leave thy earthly cares behind,
Mind alone thy Saviour ;
Count thou all beside but wind,
Trample on it ever.

H I Y X M N M C C X C I V .

In Temptation.

- 1 JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :

Hide

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

H Y M N CCXCV.

In Temptation.

- 1 JESUS, God of my salvation,
Send the promis'd help I claim,
Bring me through my sore temptation,
Manifest thy saving name :
Lord thou art the same for ever ?
Help me on thee to depend ?
O continue to deliver,
Save me, save me to the end.
- 2 Hear my earnest supplication,
Keep me in this evil day ;
With me in my strong temptation,
O my kind protector, stay :
I have no one to deliver,
No one to defend I have ;
Ruin'd and undone for ever,
If my Lord refuse to save.
- 3 From thy feeble helpless creature
Never, never, Lord, depart ;
Shew thyself than Satan greater,
Greater than my evil heart :
If the fiend must vex me longer,
Buffet still my trembling soul,
Jesu, shew thyself the stronger,
Keep me, till thou mak'st me whole.

- 4 Let me, while my faith is trying,
 Rest in thy atoning blood;
 Always bear about the dying
 Of my dear redeeming God:
 Till I all thy life inherit,
 Let me in thy wounds abide,
 Shelter there my weary spirit;
 Save me, who for me hast dy'd.

H Y M N CCXCVI.

A Prayer against the Power of Sin.

- 1 JESUS, Redemer, Saviour, Lord,
 The weary sinner's friend,
 Come to my help, pronounce the word,
 And bid my troubles end.
- 2 Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,
 And life, and liberty;
 Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
 And Jesus prove to me.
- 3 Thy pow'rful Spirit shall subdue
 Unconquerable sin;
 Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
 And write thy law within.
- 4 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
 Yet let me hear thy call,
 My soul in confidence shall rise,
 Shall rise, and break through all.

5 Speak, and the dead shall hear thy voice,
 The blind their sight receive,
 The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
 The hearts of stone believe.

6 Salvation in thy name is found,
 Balm of my grief and care,
 A med'cine for my ev'ry wound;
 All, all I want is there.

H Y M N CCXCVII.

For a closer walk with God.

1 **O**H! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,
 How sweet their mem'ry still!
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins which made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 What'er that idol be,
 Help me to bear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

H Y M N CCXCVIII.

Self Acquaintance.

1 **D**EAR Lord, accept a sinful heart,
 Which of itself complains,
 And mourns with much and frequent smart
 The evil it contains.

2 Those fiery seeds of anger lurk
 That often hurt my frame;
 And wait but for the tempter's work
 To fan them to a flame.

3 Legality holds out a bribe
 To purchase life from thee;
 And discontent would fain prescribe
 How thou shalt deal with me.

4 How eager are my thoughts to roam
 In quest of what they love!
 But, ah! when duty calls them home,
 How heavily they move!

- 5 O cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
 Transform me by thy pow'r ;
 And make me thy belov'd abode,
 And let me rove no more.

H Y M N CCXCIX.

Isaiah xliii. 1, 2.

- 1 **P**EACE, doubting heart, my God's I am,
 Who form'd me and forbids my fear ;
 The Lord hath call'd me by my name,
 The Lord protects, for ever near ;
 His blood for me did once atone ;
 And still he loves and guards his own.
- 2 When passing through the wat'ry deep,
 I ask in faith his promis'd aid,
 The waves an awful distance keep,
 And shrink from my devoted head ;
 Fearless their violence I dare,
 They cannot harm, for God is there.
- 3 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;
 Hide in the hollow of thy hand ;
 Shew forth in me thy saving pow'r :
 Still be thy arms my sure defence,
 Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 4 When darkness intercepts the skies,
 And sorrow's waves around me roll ;
 When high the storms of passion rise,
 And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul ;
 My soul a sudden pow'r shall feel,
 And hear a whisper, Peace, be still.

HYMN CCC.

In Doubt.

- 1 **M**Y God, I humbly call thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all my will be lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.
- 2 When shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me,
Spirit of health, and life, and pow'r,
And perfect liberty.
- 3 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert,
Softens, and melt, and pierce, and break
An adamant heart.
- 4 Oh! that in me the sacred fire,
Might now begin to glow.
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountain flow.
- 5 Oh! that it now from heav'n might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.
- 6 Refining Fire, go thro' my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter thy life thro' ev'ry part,
And sanctify the whole.

HYMN

A Prayer for restoring Grace.

- 1 JESU, friend of sinners, hear,
 Yet once again I pray;
 From my debt of sin set clear,
 For I have nought to pay:
 Speak, O speak the kind release,
 A poor backsliding soul restore:
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 2 For my selfishness and pride
 Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
 Left me long to wander wide,
 An outcast from thy face;
 But I now my sins confess,
 And mercy, mercy I implore:
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Though my sins as mountains rise,
 And swell and reach to heav'n,
 Mercy is above the skies,
 I may be still forgiv'n:
 Infinite my sins increase,
 But greater is thy mercy's store:
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
 An hardness o'er my heart;
 But if thou thy Spirit shed,
 The stony shall depart:

Shed

Shed thy love, thy tenderneſs,
And let me feel the ſoft'ning pow'r :
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

H Y M N CCCII.

The Pool of Bethſda.

- 1 JESU, take my ſins away,
And make me know thy name ;
Thou art now as yeſterday,
And evermore the ſame :
If to me thy bowels move,
If now thou doſt my ſickneſs feel,
Let the Spirit of thy love
The helpleſs ſinner heal.
- 2 Sick of anger, pride and luſt,
And unbelief I am ;
Yet in thee for health I truſt,
In Jeſu's ſov'reign name :
Were I taken into thee,
Could I but ſtep into the pool,
I from ev'ry malady
Should be at once made whole.
- 3 Sin is now my fore diſeaſe ;
But though I would be free,
When the water troubled is,
There is no help for me :

Others

Others find a cure, not I,
 In thee they wash away their sin;
 I, alas! have no man nigh
 To put my weakness in.

- 4 Pain and sickness, at thy word,
 And sin and sorrow flies;
 Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
 And bid my spirit rise;
 Bid me take my burden up,
 The bed on which thyself didst lie,
 When, on Calvary's steep top,
 My Jesus deign'd to die.

H Y M N CCCIII.

Christ the Believer's Refuge.

- 1 **I**N ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
 True faith to Jesus flies,
 Its anchor-hold is firm in him,
 When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear our spirits up,
 We'd trust a faithful God,
 The sure foundation of our hope
 Is in a Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud Hallelujahs sing, each soul,
 To thy Redeemer's name;
 In joy, in sorrow, life, and death,
 His love is still the same.

HYMN

H Y M N CCCIV.

If. xxxii. 2. *A Man shall be as an hiding Place from
the Wind.*

- 1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly;
Be my refuge and my rest,
For Oh! the storm is high:
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be;
Hide me, Jesu, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.
- 2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place;
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace:
O'er a parch'd and weary land,
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.
- 3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been;
In my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin:
Oh! how swiftly didst thou move,
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy pow'r.

- 4 Let thy merit, as a cloud,
 Still interpose between ;
 Plead th' atonement of thy blood,
 Till I am cleans'd from sin ;
 Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
 Till thou th' abiding Spirit breathe ;
 Ev'ry moment, Lord, I want
 The merit of thy death.
- 5 Never shall I want it less,
 When thou the gift hast giv'n,
 Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
 And seal'd the heir of heav'n :
 I shall hang upon my God,
 Till I thy perfect glory see,
 Till the sprinkling of thy blood
 Shall speak me up to thee.

H Y M N CCCV.

After a Relapse into Sin.

- 1 **G**OD of my salvation, hear,
 And help me to believe ;
 Simply do I now draw near,
 Thy blessing to receive :
 Full of guilt, alas ! I am,
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh:
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I thou know'st am poor;
Dust and ashes is my name.
My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myself I turn my eyes,
The chief of sinners I:
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me lose myself in thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

H Y M N CCCVI.

Christ our Captain.

1 **O** THOU tender, loving Jesus,
Now thy saving grace impart;
From the world and Satan save us,
Save us from our evil heart:

C c

Throw

Throw thy arms of mercy open,
 Bid, O bid us, Jesus, come;
 Let our flinty hearts be broken,
 Falling on the corner-stone.

2 Here for ever let us center,
 Steady, though assail'd by sin;
 Forward may we boldly venture,
 Till eternal life we win:
 Banish ev'ry reas'ning scruple,
 Scatter ev'ry gath'ring cloud;
 All our hearts, O Jesus, sprinkle
 With thy cleansing, precious blood.

3 Arm us from thy heav'nly storehouse,
 Still display thy banner high;
 March victorious on before us,
 Make the world and Satan fly:
 When thy messenger arraigns us,
 To close up our weary eyes,
 In that needy hour sustain us,
 Till we grasp the heav'nly prize.

H Y M N CCCVII.

Bartimeus.

1 **S**INFUL, and blind, and poor,
 And lost without thy grace,
 Thy pity I implore,
 And wait to see thy face;
 Begging I sit by the way side,
 And long to see the crucify'd.

- 2 Jesus, attend my cry,
 Thou son of David, hear,
 If now thou passest by,
 Stand still, and call me near;
 The darkness from my heart remove,
 And shew me now thy pard'ning love.

H Y M N CCCVIII.

The Backslider.

- 1 **H**OW shall a lost sinner in pain
 Recover his forfeited peace?
 When brought into bondage again,
 What hope of a second release?
 Will mercy itself be so kind
 To spare such a rebel as me?
 And Oh! can I possibly find
 Such plenteous redemption in thee?

- 2 O Jesus, of thee I enquire,
 Sure thou art still willing to save;
 The brand to pluck out of the fire,
 And ransom my soul from the grave;
 The help of thy Spirit restore,
 And shew me the life giving blood;
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.

- 3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,
 Come quickly to help a lost soul;
 To comfort a mourner appear,
 And make a poor Lazarus whole:

The balm of thy mercy apply,
 Thou seest the sore anguish I feel;
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
 O save, or I sink into hell.

H Y M N CCCIX.

The Backslider.

1 **D**EPTH of mercy can there be?
 Mercy still reserv'd for me!
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners spare!

2 I have long withstood his grace,
 Long provok'd him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls,
 Griev'd him by a thousand falls.

3 I my master have deny'd,
 I afresh have crucify'd;
 Oft profan'd his hallow'd name,
 Put him to an open shame.

4 I have spilt his precious blood,
 Trampled on the Son of God;
 Fill'd with pangs unspeakable,
 I—and yet am not in Hell!

5 Lo, I cumber still the ground;
 Lo, an advocate is found!
 Hasten not to cut it down,
 Let this barren soul alone.

6 Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood,
He disarms the wrath of God,
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lest the lifted thunder drop.

7 Whence to me this boundless of love!
Ask my advocate above;
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne grace!

H Y M N CCCX.

Rom. viii. 17.

1 **C**OME, my companions in distress,
My partners through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel,
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond the vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

2 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirit up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head.

3 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see:
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

H Y M N CCCXI.

Rom. viii. 28. *All Things work together for Good.*

- 1 **H**OW gracious is thy promise, Lord!
 How full of truth and tenderness!
 What solid joy doth it afford
 To those who know thy saving grace!
 All things conspire to work for good
 To those who love the Lord their God!
- 2 When various trials me assail,
 Many in number as the sand,
 Enforc'd by all the pow'rs of hell,
 My God upholds me by his hand;
 My inward weakness I perceive,
 And close to my Redeemer cleave.
- 3 When Satan like a lion roars,
 Greedy to seize and rend the prey,
 Jesus on me his spirit pours,
 And gives me strength to win the day:
 Bold I engage, o'ercome, and tread
 Triumphant on the Serpent's head.
- 4 Come tribulation and distress,
 Poverty, loss, contempt and pain,
 Reproach, affliction, and disgrace,
 All these for Christ I count but gain:
 For life, and death, and all agree
 To work for endless good to me.

CONFLICT.

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H Y M N CCCXII.

Cant. i. 7.

1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Isr'el, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art :
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
Are screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah ! shew me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode ;
Where saints in an extasy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God :
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree ;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer, and triumph, with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast :
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart ;
Conceal'd in the clift of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN

H Y M N CCCXIII.

The Soul's Comfort under Trial in a Covenant God.

- 1 **I** HAVE a God, to whom I may
Resort with freedom any day ;
I'll seek him when I am in pain,
I'm sure to hear from him again.
- 2 And when my soul shall understand
The comfort of his curing hand,
Then shall I sing, O happy rod,
That brought me nearer to my God.
- 3 Lord, guide me in thy secret way,
With such a guide I shall not stray ;
Bring me into an heav'nly frame,
Unite my heart to fear thy name,
- 4 My Lord, my God, my heart shall praise
And glorify thee all my days ;
Thy mercy to me doth excell,
I am a brand snatch'd out of hell.

H Y M N CCCXIV.

Pf. cxvi. 7. Return unto thy rest, O my Soul.

- 1 **W**EARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod ;
For him, not without hope, I mourn :
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus,

- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin,
 Yet once again I seek thy face,
 Open thine arms and take me in,
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore ;
 Oh ! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more ;
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart the house of pray'r.
- 4 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at th' approach of sin ;
 A godly fear of sin impart,
 Implant and root it deep within ;
 That I may dread thy gracious pow'r,
 And never dare offend thee more.

H Y M N CCCXV.

Gen. xlix. 4 *Unstable as Water.*

- 1 JESU, Shepherd of the Sheep,
 Pity my unsettled soul,
 Guide and nourish me, and keep,
 Till thy love shall make me whole ;
 Give me perfect soundness, give,
 Make me steadfastly believe.

2 Jesus,

2 Jesus, I behold thee now,
 But my ever-roving eye
 Loses thee, I know not how,
 Soon I faint, fall back, and die :
 Doubt again my heart assails,
 Unbelief again prevails.

3 I am never at one stay,
 Changing ev'ry hour I am,
 But thou art as yesterday,
 Now and evermore the same
 Constancy to me impart,
 Stablish with thy grace my heart.

4 Lay thy weighty hand on me,
 All my unbelief control ;
 Till the rebel cease to be,
 Keep him down within my soul ;
 That he never more may move,
 Root and ground me fast in love.

5 Give me faith to hold me up,
 Walking over life's rough sea ;
 Holy, purifying hope,
 Still my soul's sure anchor be ;
 That I may be ever thine,
 Fill my soul with love divine.

H Y M N CCCXVI.

1 SAVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor ?
 Canst thou love a child of wrath ?
 Can a hell-deserving creature
 Be the purchase of thy death ?

CONFLICT.

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Is thy blood so efficacious
As to make my nature clean ?
Is thy sacrifice so precious
As to free me from my sin ?

2 Sin on ev'ry hand surrounds me,
No acquittance can I hear ;
Pangs of unbelief confound me ;
Oh ! my grief, I cannot bear :
Here then is my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall ;
Here I'll meet with condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

H Y M N CCCXVII.

Christ our only Support.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, Lord, I see
That I have daily need of thee ;
Thy presence ev'ry moment grant,
For thee I ev'ry moment want :
O keep me, Saviour, by thy side,
Direct my steps, and be my guide.

2 If I but speak or think amiss,
Or in the least thy will transgress,
My fault, my tender Shepherd, shew,
And kindly tell me what to do :
Oh ! never let me from thee stray,
Thou Light of Life, thou living Way.

3 My

- 3 My pray'rs, dear Lord, to make them good,
 Sprinkle with thy atoning blood ;
 For all my sighs, and ev'ry tear,
 Thro' thee alone accepted are :
 In thee alone I'd live and move,
 And own no other pow'r but love.

H Y M N CCCXVIII.

Despising worldly Pleasures.

- 1 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,
 It has no charms for me ;
 Once I admir'd its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures, now, no longer please,
 No more content afford ;
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day
 The stars are all conceal'd,
 So earthly pleasures fade away
 When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart ;
 His name and love, and gracious voice,
 Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee ;
 But may I hope, that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me.

6 Yes,

- 6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first.
I had refus'd thee still.

H Y M N CCCXIX.

The Stony Heart.

- 1 **W**HEN shall my frozen heart revive?
When shall my soul begin to live?
Fetter'd with sin, oppress'd with death,
I pant, yet hopeless pant for breath.
- 2 Yet against hope I fain would hope,
Oh! that the Lord would raise me up,
Would all my unbelief destroy,
And let me taste his peoples joy.
- 3 Come, Breath of Life, inspire my soul,
On me let streams of mercy roll;
I know a tender glance from thee
Can set my burden'd spirit free.
- 4 Peter's experience tells me so,
Tells me what Jesu's look can do;
The harden'd heart at once it turns,
The icy soul it melts and burns.
- 5 Lord, kindly reach this heart of mine,
I'd pant to be entirely thine;
To have thy Spirit rule in me,
And bring me into liberty.

Sickness.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear a restless wretch's groans,
To thee my soul in secret moans;
My body's weak, my heart's unclean,
I pine with sickness and with sin.
- 2 My strength decays, my spirits droop,
Bow'd down with guilt, I can't look up;
I loose my life, I lose my soul,
Except thy mercy make me whole.
- 3 Thou know'st what 'tis, Lord, to be sick,
And tho' Almighty hast been weak;
Sin thou hadst none, and yet didst die
For guilty sinners, such as I.
- 4 Sin's rankling sores my soul corrode,
Oh! heal them with thy balmy blood;
And if thou dost my health restore,
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.
- 5 Or if I never more must rise,
But death's cold hand must close my eyes,
Pardon my sins, and take me home;
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

CONFLICT. 315

H Y M N CCCXXI.

Longing for a sense of Pardon thro' the blood of Christ.

1 **T**HY prefence, Saviour, may I feel,
Oh! stamp me with thy Spirit's seal;
Lord, seal my pardon with thy blood,
And let me know I'm born of God.

2 One precious drop, Lord Jesus, grant;
Oh! for one precious drop I pant:
By faith apply thy healing blood,
That I may cry, my Lord, my God.

3 Sprinkle it on my conscience, Lord:
Oh! let me hear the pow'rful word
That rais'd the dead, and cheers the soul,
That makes the sin-sick sinner whole.

4 And when this mortal life is o'er,
And pain and finning are no more;
Receive my soul to thy blest home;
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly home.

H Y M N CCCXXII.

Barrenness.

1 **W**HY, O my soul, so cold and dead,
So backward to obey?
So slow to praise thy gracious Lord,
And negligent to pray?

D d 2

2 Devotion

- 2 Devotion now forsakes my breast ;
 Alas ! I cannot love :
 Oh ! for one spark of heav'nly fire,
 This coldness to remove.
- 3 Just like a lump of lifeless clay,
 Before the Lord I lie ;
 My glory sleeps, I cannot sing,
 Only look up and sigh.
- 4 Without thee, lo ! I change to ice,
 But let thy love return ;
 And then with ardour and delight,
 My thankful soul shall burn.
- 5 Mine heart thine altar shall become,
 Thy praise the holy fire ;
 And in the flames of love and joy
 My soul shall long t'expire.

H Y M N CCCXXIII.

The penitent Sinner's plea.

- 1 **I** Mourn, that I can mourn no more
 For all my sins which wound me sore ;
 Whose colour is a crimson dye,
 And wrath deserve eternally.
- 2 But, Lord, there's mercy still in store
 For sinners who are vile and poor :
 Nothing I plead for what I've done,
 Nothing but Jesu's blood alone.

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- 3 That blood, which can remove my guilt;
That blood, which my dear Saviour spilt;
That blood, which cleanses me within;
That blood, which pardons all my sin.
- 4 On the atonement of that blood,
The faith of our forefathers stood;
By which to bliss they laid their claim,
And now they praise their Saviour's name.
- 5 Oh! may my faith on that be found
Firmer than anchors in the ground;
May I with them who went before
Unite in praises evermore.

H Y M N CCCXXIV.

The seeking Soul.

- 1 **S**EEK, O my soul, thy Saviour's face;
And wash thee in his blood;
Let sin to heav'nly love give place,
And feed on angels food.
- 2 I would, the earnest soul replies,
With joy such refuge seek;
But Oh! I find each effort flies,
And ev'ry power weak.
- 3 Sin, with its baneful odious dart,
Has mark'd me for its own;
Each false allurements gains my heart,
And all my hopes are flown.

D d 3

4 Sometimes

- 4 Sometimes my Saviour, crown'd with thorns,
Is open to my sight ;
But ev'ry bait that sin adorns
Expels the sacred light.
- 5 Thus, like a ship by storms delay'd,
My struggling soul is tost ;
And, if depriv'd of Jesu's aid,
My struggling soul is lost.
- 6 Be thou my pilot, dearest Lord,
Guide me with pow'r divine ;
Speak but the all-commanding word,
The victory is thine.

H Y M N CCCXXV.

- 1 **I** GRIEVE, nor can my grief e'er cease,
Till I my Saviour truly love ;
Till he with blood signs my release,
And sweetly draws my thoughts above :
For this I languish, mourn and pine,
To prove the dear Redeemer mine.
- 2 Nothing beneath can satisfy,
Or true contentment here afford ;
Till I by faith can humbly cry,
Jesus is now become my Lord :
Jesus, the man of deepest grief,
Alone can send me true relief.

- 3 On him, my All, I fain would stay,
 And sweetly on his bosom rest ;
 Till all my griefs shall die away,
 And love divine possess my breast :
 When shall it be, my dearest Lamb,
 That I shall feel this holy flame ?

H Y M N CCCXXVI.

Desiring to part with every Sin.

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul, my sins depart,
 Your fatal friendship now I see ;
 Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
 Hence, to eternal distance flee.
- 2 Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
 Yet I carest'd your vip'rous brood ;
 And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
 You, the vile murd'ers of my God.
- 3 Black heavy thoughts, like mountains roll,
 O'er my poor breast with boding fears ;
 And crushing hard my tortur'd soul,
 Wrung thro' mine eyes the briny tears:
- 4 Forgive my treasons, Prince of grace !
 The bloody Jews were traitors too ;
 Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race,
 " Father, they know not what they do."

- 5 Great Advocate ! look down and see,
 A wretch whose smarting sorrows bleed ;
 Oh ! plead the same excuse for me,
 For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

H Y M N CCCXXVII.

Christ's care for his People.

- 1 **O** ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
 Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
 can save ;
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
 In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
- 2 Loud roaring the billows, now nigh overwhelm,
 But skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm ;
 His wisdom conducts thee, his power defends,
 In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3 O fearful ! O faithless ! in mercy he cries ;
 My promise, my truth, are they light in thine
 eyes ?
 Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
 Thro' tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.
- 4 Forget thee, I will not, I cannot, thy name
 Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain ;
 The palms of my hands whilst I look on I see
 The wounds I received when suff'ring for thee.
- 5 Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure ;
 My wisdom is perfect ; supreme is my pow'r :
 In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
 To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

HYMN

CONFLICT.

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H Y M N CCCXXVIII.

Tribulation.

1 **T**HE souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure;
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wise decree:
Satan the weakest saint will tempt;
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The world opposes from without;
And unbelief within:
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt;
And feel the load of sin.

4 Glad frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow!
Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And then we sink as low.

5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wand'ring heart;
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.

6 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path:
Look to the Lord with stedfast eye;
And fight with hell by faith.

7 Tho'

- 7 Tho' we are feeble, Christ is strong :
 His promises are true.
 We shall be conqu'rors all e'er long,
 And more than conqu'rors too.

H Y M N CCCXXIX.

Penitence.

- 1 **A** LAS! my akeing heart!
 Here the keen torment lies ;
 It racks my waking hours with smart,
 And frights my slumb'ring eyes.
- 2 This impious heart of mine,
 Could once defy the Lord ;
 Could rush with violence on to sin,
 In presence of thy sword.
- 3 Guilt will be hid no more,
 My griefs take vent apace ;
 The crimes that blot my conscience o'er,
 Flush crimson in my face.
- 4 My sorrows like a flood,
 Impatient of restraint ;
 Into thy bosom, O my God,
 Pour out a long complaint.
- 5 Behold, the Saviour stands,
 To court me from above ;
 And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
 And shows the prints of love.

- 6 Oh ! for one powerful glance,
Dear Saviour, from thy face !
This rebel heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.

H Y M N CCCXXX.

- 1 **O** My God, avert the storm
Of thine indignation !
Spare a sinful feeble worm
Tho' abomination ;
O my God,
Turn the rod,
From thy wretched creature,
Heal his sinful nature.

- 2 Under thine afflicting touch,
Day and night I languish ;
Streaming sorrows wash my couch,
I'm pierc'd thro' with anguish ;
And am hoarse,
Thro' the course
Of a long complaining,
All my powers straining.

- 3 Sorrow darkens all my days,
Night still hears me wailing ;
And the minutes, as they pass,
Mournful o'er me telling,
Oh ! my blame,
Oh ! my shame,
That I have been audacious
'Gainst a God so gracious.

4 Lord,

4 Lord, mine eyes consum'd with grief,
And my heart with fighting;
Oh! that thou wouldst grant relief,
For I cease not crying;
Lord! how long
Shall my song
Dwell in lamentation,
Void of consolation.

5 Hear poor dust and ashes speak;
Favour my petition;
Save me for thy mercy's sake,
Save me from perdition:
Hear my groans,
Heal my bones,
Which (Oh! angry token)
Thou, my God, hast boken.

6 Lord, my fainting spirit save
From the wrathful sentence;
Save from death; for in the grave
There is no repentance.
Hear my moan,
Thou alone
From my sins canst free me,
And from death redeem me.

7 Fly, ye tempters! heav'n is mov'd,
Mercy is descending;
God has all my pray'r approv'd,
All my griefs are ending:

Satan,

Satan, fly;
 Mercy's nigh,
 Him thou'lt long tormented,
 Now shall live contented.

H Y M N CCCXXXI.

Rest for weary Souls.

1 **D**OES the gospel word proclaim,
 Rest for those that weary be?
 Then, my soul put in thy claim,
 Sure that promise speaks to thee.
 Marks of grace I cannot shew,
 All polluted is my best;
 Yet I weary am I know,
 And the weary long for rest.

2 Burden'd with a load of sin,
 Harrafs'd with tormenting doubt;
 Hourly conflicts from within,
 Hourly crosses from without;
 All my little strength is gone,
 Sink I must without supply;
 Sure upon the earth is none
 Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark the weary dove
 Found a welcome resting place;
 Thus my spirit longs to prove,
 Rest in Christ the Ark of grace:

'Tempest tofs'd I long have been,
And the floods increase so fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
'Till the storm be over past.

- 4 Safely lodg'd within thy breast,
What a wond'rous change I find!
Now I have thy promis'd rest
To compose a troubled mind:
You that weary are like me,
Hearken to the gospel call;
'To the Ark for refuge flee,
Jesus will receive you all.

H Y M N CCCXXXII.

A Dialogue between a Believer and his Soul

Bel. 1 **C**OME, my soul and let us try,
For a little season,
Ev'ry burden to lay by:
Come, and let us reason.
What is this that casts thee down?
Who are those that grieve thee?
Speak, and let the worst be known;
Speaking may relieve thee.

Soul 2 Oh! I sink beneath the load
Of my nature's evil;
Full of enmity to God;
Captiv'd by the devil:

Restless as the troubl'd seas ;
 Feeble, faint, and fearful ;
 Plagu'd with ev'ry sore disease ;
 How can I be chearful ?

Bel. 3 Think on what thy Saviour bore
 In the gloomy garden,
 Sweating blood at ev'ry pore,
 To procure thy pardon.
 See him stretch'd upon the wood,
 Bleeding, grieving, crying ;
 Suff'ring all the wrath of God :
 Groaning, gasping, dying !

Soul 4 This by faith I sometimes view ;
 And those views relieve me :
 But my sins return anew ;
 These are they that grieve me.
 Oh ! I'm leprous, stinking, foul,
 Quite throughout infected.
 Have not I, if any soul,
 Cause to be dejected ?

Bel. 5 Think how loud thy dying Lord
 Cry'd out, " It is finish'd."
 Treasure up that sacred word
 Whole and undiminish'd
 Doubt not ; he will carry on,
 To its full perfection,
 That good work he has begun ;
 Why then this dejection ?

Soul 6 Faith, when void of works, is dead :

This the Scriptures witness.

And what works have I to plead,

Who am all unfitness ?

All my powers are deprav'd,

Blind, perverse, and filthy,

If from death I'm fully sav'd,

Why am I not healthy ?

Bel. 7 Pore not on thyself too long,

Lest it sink thee lower :

Look to Jesus kind as strong,

Mercy join'd with pow'r.

Ev'ry work that thou must do

Will thy gracious Saviour

For thee work, and *in* thee to

Of his special favour.

Soul 8 Jesu's precious blood once spilt,

I depend on solely,

To release, and clear my guilt :

But I would be holy.

Bel. He that bought thee on the cross

Can controul thy nature,

Fully purge away thy dross,

Make thee a new creature.

Soul 9 That he can I nothing doubt,

Be it but his pleasure.

Bel. Tho' it be not done throughout,

May it not in measure ?

Soul When that measure, far from great,
Still shall seem decreasing—
Bel. Faint not then ; but pray, and wait,
Never never ceasing.

Soul O What when pray'r meets no regard ?

Bel. Still repeat it often ;

Soul But I feel myself so hard—

Bel. Jesus will thee soften :

Soul But my enemies make head,

Bel. Let them closer drive thee,

Soul But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead,

Bel. Jesus will revive thee.

H Y M N CCCXXXIII.

Christ's Compassion for the Tempted.

1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

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4 He'll never quench the smoaking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his pow'r;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In the distressing hour.

H Y M N CCCXXXIV.

Safety in Jesus.

1 JESU, source of gladness,
 Comfort in my sadness,
 Thou canst end my grief:
 Lord, thy sight I'm wanting,
 While my heart is panting,
 After thy relief:
 Saviour Christ! my Lamb and Priest!
 Heav'n and earth, without thy treasure,
 Can afford no pleasure.

2 Under thy protection,
 Hell and sin's infection
 Cannot hurt my heart;
 Winds may roar and thunder;
 Satan seek to plunder,
 Vain is all his art:
 Lightning's glare may sadly scare
 And disturb the whole creation,
 Christ is my salvation.

3 I defy all evil,
Sword, death, hell and devil,
With their slavish fear;
Tho' the world's me stinging,
Yet I will be singing,
For my God is near.
Satan's host may curse and boast;
Earth and hell must soon be quiet,
Tho' they storm and riot.

4 All ye worldly treasures,
With your sinful pleasures,
To your slaves remove;
Honour and ambition,
Cease your opposition
To my sacred Love:
Death and pain, with all their train,
Shall do nothing but discover
How I love my Lover.

5 I would leave for Jesus,
All the gold of Cræsus,
And its dazzling show;
Sisters of ambition,
Your admir'd condition,
Must expire in woe;
Get ye hence, ye joys of sense,
To the men of wit and pleasure;
Jesus is my treasure.

6 Fly, ye gloomy spirits,
Jesus with his merits,

Is my guard and prop;
 Those that love th' anointed,
 Shan't be disappointed,
 Of their living hope :
 While I here with patience wait,
 Christ is turning all my sadness
 Into joy and gladness.

H Y M N CCCXXXV.

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears;
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find,
 The follies of my doubts and fears,
- 2 Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
 And blush that I should ever be,
 So prone to act so base a part,
 As harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 Oh ! may I then at length be taught.
 What still I am so slow to learn;
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth ! and easy to repeat ;
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, oh ! my Lord, one look from thee,
 Subdues the disobedient will;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.

- 6 Thou art as willing to forgive,
As I am ready to repine ;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

H Y M N CCCXXXVI.

My Lord and my God.

- 1 **O** THOU, whom fain my soul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know,
This veil of unbelief remove,
And shew me, all thy goodness shew :
Jesu, thyself in me reveal,
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.
- 2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known ?
I claim thee with a fault'ring tongue ;
I pray thee in a feeble groan :
Tell me, O tell me, who thou art,
And speak thy name into my heart.
- 3 If now thou talkest by the way
With such an abject worm as me,
Thy mysteries of grace display,
Open mine eyes that I may see ;
That I may understand thy word,
And now cry out it is my Lord !
- 4 I know him by these prints of love ;
His bleeding wounds are open wide ;
Thro' faith I handle him and prove,
I thrust my hand into his side ;
I feel the sprinklings of his blood ;
Jesu, thou art my Lord, my God !

HYMN

H Y M N CCCXXXVII.

- 1 **A** POOR vile sinner, dearest Lord,
 Encourag'd by thy gracious word;
 Would humbly wait at mercy's door,
 When Christ relieves and feeds the poor.
- 2 When on my vileness, I reflect,
 I own thou mightst my suit reject;
 And frowning say, "It is not meet,"
 That dogs the children's bread should eat.
- 3 Yet Lord content of this my state,
 To thee I fly, it's not too late;
 Tho' childrens bread, scarce worth I am,
 Yet grant a poor vile dog a crumb.
- 4 Shall I despair and perish, no!
 Some crumb of mercy then bestow;
 Then worthless sinful I will raise,
 My voice in humble joyful praise.
- 5 Then let me Lord, while here I stay,
 With crumbs be fed from day to day;
 And feed in heaven when I appear,
 On childrens bread for ever there.

CONFLICT.

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H Y M N CCCXXXVIII.

*Comfort from a Conviction of the sufficiency of
Pardon.*

1 **W**HY does your face ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

2 What! tho' your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies;
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise.

3 What! tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell;
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell.

4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins,
The sacred flood increase.

5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound;
Now if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake our hearts, adore the grace,
That buries all our faults;
And pard'ning blood that swells above,
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN

H Y M N CCCXXXIX.

Comfort under Sorrow and Pain.

- 1 **N**OW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And shew my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.
- 2 But, Oh! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.
- 3 Yet, why my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still on his heart, he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.
- 4 My name is printed on his breast,
His book of life contains my name;
I'd rather have it there impress'd,
Than in the bright records of fame.
- 5 When the last fire burns all things here.
Those letters shall securely stand;
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' Eternal Father's hand.
- 6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun,
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN

H Y M N CCCXL.

Complaining of Unfruitfulness, Ignorance and Unsanctified Affections.

- 1 **L**ONG have I set beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord !
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.
- 2 Oft I frequent the holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of thy grace,
My mem'ry can retain.
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of Joys above,
How few affections there.
- 4 Great God ! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word success :
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 5 Shew my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high ;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

H Y M N CCCXLI.

In Affliction.

1 **M**Y Jesus, my hope,
 When will he appear
 A soul to lift up,
 That waits for him here;
 In much tribulation,
 In trouble's excess,
 In height of temptation,
 And depth of distress?

2 O when shall I see
 An end of my pain,
 And triumph in thee
 My Saviour again?
 Lord hasten the hour
 Thy kingdom bring in,
 And give me thy power,
 And save me from sin,

3 O Jesus, thou know'st
 My sorrowful load,
 And see'st that my trust
 Is all in thy blood;
 Thou wilt have compassion,
 My burthen remove;
 Thy name is Salvation,
 Thy nature is Love.

- 4 Thy nature and name
 My portion shall be,
 Who humbly lay claim
 To all things in thee;
 The days of my mourning,
 And painful distress,
 Shall, at thy returning,
 Eternally cease.

H Y M N CCCXLII.

Waiting Faith.

- 1 **T**HE Saints should never be dismay'd,
 Nor sink in hopeless fear;
 For when they least expect his aid,
 The Saviour will appear.

- 2 Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine
 Are taught us in his word;
 May ev'ry deep felt care of mine
 Be trusted with the Lord.

- 3 Wait for his seasonable aid,
 And tho' it tarry, wait;
 The promise may be long delay'd;
 But cannot come too late.

HYMN CCCXLIII.

Hardness of Heart bewail'd.

- 1 **A**LAS! this adamant heart,
This icy rock within!
Alas! these active powers congeal'd
By the deceit of Sin!
- 2 What! cannot all the melting charms
Of a Redeemer's love;
Nor thunderbolts of wrath divine,
This flinty bosom move?
- 3 Canst thou my Soul, to Heav'n ally'd,
A native of the Sky,
Thus, in ignoble fetters bound,
A willing captive lie?
- 4 Oh! burst these bands, or disavow
The reasonable Name;
Nor dare, but with a brutal World
Affinity to claim.
- 5 Vain efforts these, no self-sprung powers
Can reigning sin subdue;
Thine, sacred Spirit, is the work
To form the Heart anew.
- 6 Oh let that rock asunder break
Before thy awful face;
Or rather melt away beneath
Thy milder beams of Grace.

HYMN CCCXLIV.

Desertion.

- 1 **D**EEP in a cold, a joyless cell,
 A doleful gulph of gloomy care!
 Where dismal doubts and darkness dwell,
 The dang'rous brink of black despair;
 Chill'd by the icy damps of death
 I feel no firm support of faith.
- 2 How can a burden'd cripple rise?
 How can a fetter'd captive flee?
 Ah! Lord, direct my wishful eyes;
 And let me look at least to thee:
 Alas! my sinking spirits droop,
 I scarce perceive a glimpse of hope.
- 3 Extend thy mercy, gracious God.
 Thy quick'ning Spir't vouchsafe to send,
 Apply the reconciling Blood,
 And kindly call thy foe thy friend:
 Or if rich cordials thou deny,
 Let patience, comfort's place supply.
- 4 Let hope survive, tho' damp't by doubt;
 Do thou defend my shatter'd shield:
 Oh! let me never quite give out,
 Help me to keep the bloody field:
 Lord look upon th' unequal strife,
 Delay not, lest I lose my life.

H Y M N CCCXLV.

The hiding Place. Is. xxxii. 2.

- 1 **H**AIL, sov'reign love that first began
The scheme, to rescue fallen man;
Hail, matchless free eternal grace,
That gave my soul a *Hiding place*.
- 2 Against the God, that rules the sky
I fought, with hands uplifted high,
Despis'd the mention of his grace,
Too proud to seek a *Hiding place*.
- 3 Enwrap't in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light;
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a *Hiding place*.
- 4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty love arrest that man;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no *Hiding place*.
- 5 Alarming justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But justice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no *Hiding place*.
- 6 Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel form appear'd,
She led me on with rapid pace,
To Jesus as my *Hiding place*.

- 7 Should storms of awful thunder roll,
And lightnings dart from pole to pole,
No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
For Jesus is my *Hiding place*.
- 8 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for a sinful race,
And thus became a *Hiding place*.
- 9 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious *Hiding place*.

H Y M N CCCXLVI.

Desiring to give up all for Christ.

- 1 **A**ND wilt thou yet be found?
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the mournful sound
Of a poor sinner's pray'r:
Jesu, thy aid afford,
For sure the same thou art;
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord;
Oh ease a helpless heart.

- 2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life,
Ah! whither shall I go?
Lord, at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey thy call,
And give up all for thee.

- 3 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know,
 To seek and taste no other blifs,
 No other good below :
 My Life, my Portion, thou,
 Thou All-sufficient art ;
 My Hope, my heav'nly Treasure, now
 Enter and keep my heart.

H Y M N CCCLXVII.

Seeking Jesus Christ.

- 1 JESUS, I come to thee,
 Accept my feeble pray'r ;
 Relieve and cure my misery,
 My ruin'd soul repair :
 My sins on thee were laid,
 Give me thy righteou'ness ;
 And over me thy mantle spread,
 To hide my nakedness.

- 2 Wash me in thy dear blood
 From ev'ry spot of sin ;
 That I before the face of God
 May stand entirely clean :
 Reveal in me thy pow'r,
 The hidden life impart ;
 Thine image to my soul restore,
 Engrave it on my heart.

- 3 The man of sin destroy,
 Be thou my soul's delight ;
 Loid turn my sorrow into joy,
 My darknes into light :
 In los be thou my gain ;
 My strength when I am weak ;
 My life in death, my ease in pain ;
 My health when I am sick.

H Y M N CCCXLVIII.

Seeking Jesus Christ.

- 1 **I** WAIT the visits of thy grace,
 My Saviour and my God ;
 O come, and shew thy smiling face,
 And wash me in thy blood.
- 2 Oh ! whither can I go to get
 A pardon for my sin ;
 But only to my Saviour's feet,
 And wait and call on him ?
- 3 Oh ! that I could but once, by faith,
 Behold him on the tree,
 And see him languish there to death,
 And shed his blood for me.
- 4 Oh ! that I might but once be found
 In that blest wedding-dress,
 Which in my ears doth often sound,
 His blood and righteousness.

- 5 'Tis this alone can give me ease,
 And heal my wounded heart;
 My Saviour's blood and righteousness,
 His sufferings and smart.

H Y M N CCCXLIX.

Panting after God.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose:
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to share?
 Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of ev'ry motion there:
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live!
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive:
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.
- 4 O love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care:
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there,
 Make me thy dutious child, that I
 Ceaseless may, Abba, Father, cry.

- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

H Y M N CCCL.

Looking unto Jesus.

- 1 **L** AMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I feebly pray ;
Heal me of my grief and pain ;
O take my sins away ;
From this bondage, Lord, release,
No longer let me be oppress'd :
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.
- 2 Hast thou not invited all
Who groan beneath their sin ?
Weary, I obey thy call,
And come to be made clean ;
Give my burden'd conscience ease,
O grant me now thy promis'd rest :
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.
- 3 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee ?
No, my God, I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me ;
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possess'd :
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

H Y M N

ON DEATH.

HYMN CCCLI.

Life and Eternity.

1 **T**HEE we adore eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee
 How feeble is our mortal frame;
 What dying worms we be.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
 Attends on ev'ry breath;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death.

6 Waken,

- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

H Y M N CCCLII.

This Mortal must put on Immortality.

- 1 **I**N this world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope, that can exclude despair :
Thee triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glass of faith we see ;
O assist each faint endeavour,
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.
- 2 Place that awful scene before us,
Of the last tremendous day.
When to life thou shalt restore us,
Ling'ring ages haste away ;
When this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on,
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour,
Let thy gracious will be done.

H Y M N CCCLIII.

- 1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceas'd
(Our loss is his infinite gain)
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain :

G g

With

With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above;
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Outflying the tempest and wind;
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind;
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath;
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death:
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past;
 The age that in heaven they spend
 For ever and ever shall last.

H Y M N CCCLIV.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus on high;
 Another is enter'd his rest;
 Another is 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Emmanuel's breast:
 The soul of our sinner is gone
 To heighten the triumph above;
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

2 How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's name!
 The saints whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!
 No longer imprison'd in clay:
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
 Who first shall be summon'd away?
 My merciful God, "Is it I?"

3 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy council of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart:
 O give me a signal to know
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love.

H Y M N CCCLV.

1 'TIS finish'd, 'tis done; the spirit is fled;
 The pris'ner is gone, the Christian is
 dead;
 The Christian is living in Jesus's love,
 And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

2 All honour and praise are Jesus's due;
 Supported by grace, he fought his way through,
 Triumphantly glorious, through Jesus's zeal,
 And more than victorious o'er sin, death, and
 hell.

G g 2

3 Then

- 3 Then let us record the conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord with shoutings proclaim:
Who trust in his passion, and follow our Head,
To certain salvation we all shall be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on thy militant care,
And give us the crown of righteousness there;
Where dazzled with glory the Seraphims gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.

H Y M N CCCLVI.

- 1 **A**H! sister in Jesus, arise,
And joyful the summons obey;
Christ beckons thee up to the skies,
In mercy he calls thee away;
His pity hath sign'd thy release,
Return to thy native abode;
Make haste to the mansions of bliss,
And fly to the bosom of God.
- 2 To waft from this valley of tears,
To bear thee triumphantly home,
The chariot of Israel appears,
The convoy of angels is come!
With sorrow we let thee depart,
Thy happier spirit resign;
The purchase of Jesus thou art,
And God is eternally thine.

HYMN CCCLVII.

- 1 **C**HRIST is my light and treasure !
In death He is my life !
Thro' Him I leave with pleasure,
This world of sin and strife.
- 2 With joy my soul is ready
To meet my brother Christ ;
Our union shall be steady,
Our love rais'd to the high't.
- 3 World, sin, and their temptation,
Are conquer'd by his blood ;
His death seal'd my salvation,
With my forgiving God.
- 4 When all my pow'rs are fainting,
And speech is from me fled ;
Accept, O Lord, my panting,
Accept my sighs instead.
- 5 With humble resignation,
On Christ I lean my head ;
At th' hour of expiration,
His cross shall be my bed.
- 6 Then, Lord, with Thee united,
Display to me thy bliss ;
And let my soul be plighted
To endless love and peace.

H Y M N CCCLVIII.

The Death of a Sinner.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,
 Damnation and the dead ;
What horrors seize the guilty Soul
 Upon a dying bed !
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay ;
Till like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
 Herself a frightened Ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains ;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood
 For their old guilt atones ;
Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace that kept my breath,
 Nor bid my soul remove ;
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
 And well insur'd his love !

H Y M N CCCLIX.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the Tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head ?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

H Y M N

Death and Eternity.

- 1 **S**TOOP down my thoughts that use to rise;
 Converse awhile with death;
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
 His pulses faint and few;
 Then speechless, with a doleful groan
 He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But, O the soul that never dies!
 At once it leaves the clay!
 Ye thoughts, pursue it, where it flies,
 And track its wond'rous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell
 It mounts, triumphing, there;
 Or devil's plunge it down to hell,
 In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die?
 And must this soul remove?
 O, for some Guardian Angel nigh,
 To bear it safe above!
- 6 Jesus to thy dear faithful hand
 My naked soul I trust;
 And my flesh waits for thy command,
 To drop into my dust.

Death dreadful or delightful.

- 1 **D**EATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain;
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell;
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driv'n from earth and dwell
A long FOR EVER there.
- 4 See how the Pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 He is a God of sov'reign love
That promis'd Heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

H Y M N CCCLXII.

On the Death of a Believer.

- 1 **I**N vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death ;
The glories that furround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters break,
We scarce can say, " They're gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her in her flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much, (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us follow'rs be of them,
That we may praise him too.
- 6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal
Should make their mem'ry dear ;
And, Lord, do thou the pray'rs fulfil,
They offer'd for us here.

JUDGMENT & ETERNITY. 359

7 While they have gain'd, we losers are,
We miss them day by day ;
But thou canst ev'ry breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.

8 We pray as in Elisha's case,
When great Elijah went ;
May double portions of thy grace,
To us who stay, be sent.

On JUDGMENT and ETERNITY.

H Y M N CCCLXIII.

Matt. xxiv. 42.

1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear :
Our caution'd souls prepare,
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :

2 To pray and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majesty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from Heav'n come down ;
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling throne,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To

360 JUDGMENT & ETERNITY.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
 T'increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let th' Archangel's voice
 Be founding in our ears :
 The solemn midnight cry,
 " Ye dead, the Judge is come,
 " Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 " And meet your instant doom."

4 O may we thus be found,
 Obedient to his word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord :
 O may we thus insure
 Our lot among the blest'd,
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest.

H Y M N CCCLXIV.

Matt. xxv. 6. *Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.*

1 **H**EARKEN to the solemn voice,
 The awful midnight cry ;
 Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
 And see the bridegroom nigh :
 Lo, he comes to keep his word ;
 Light and joy his looks impart ;
 Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
 And meet him in your heart.

2 Ye

JUDGMENT & ETERNITY. 361

- 2 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
 Whose lamps are burning bright,
 Worthy, in your Saviour's worth,
 To walk with him in white ;
 Jesus bids your hearts be clean,
 Bids you all his promise prove ;
 Jesus comes to cast out sin,
 And perfect you in love.
- 3 Wait we all in patient hope,
 Till Christ, the Judge, shall come ;
 We shall soon be all caught up,
 To meet the gen'ral doom :
 In an hour to us unknown,
 As a thief in deepest night,
 Christ shall suddenly come down,
 With all his saints in light.
- 4 Happy soul, whom Christ shall find
 Watching to find him come ;
 Him, the Judge of all mankind
 Shall bear triumphant home :
 Who can answer to his word ?
 Which of you dares meet his day ?
 Rise, " and come to judgment : "—Lord,
 We rise and come away.

H Y M N CCCLXV.

Rev. xi. 15.

1 **H**E comes, he comes, the Judge severe,
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
 His light'nings flash, his thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful soul,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome to the faithful soul.

H h

2 From

362 JUDGMENT & ETERNITY.

- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd ;
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord,
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High ;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns,
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever and for ever reigns.
- 5 The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore :
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome Thee, Great Three in One,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome Thee, Great Three in One.

H Y M N CCCLXVI.

- 1 **L**O, he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah, &c. &c.
God appears on earth to reign !

JUDGMENT & ETERNITY. 363

- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and fold him,
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, &c. &c.
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away :
All who hate him, must, confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
Come to judgment, &c. &c.
Come to judgment, come away !
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air !
Hallelujah, &c. &c.
See the day of God appear !
- 5 Yea, Amen ; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own ;
O come quickly, &c. &c.
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come.

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H Y M N CCCLXVII.

The Great Assize.

1 **L**O, th' Almighty King of Glory
Sends his awful summons forth !
Calls the nations all before him,
From the east, south, west, and north !
His loud trumpet, &c. &c.
Rends the tombs, the dead awake !

2 Now behold the dead arising ;
Great and small before him stand :
Not one soul forgot or missing ;
None his orders countermand :
All stand waiting, &c. &c.
For their last decisive doom.

3 Now the Saviour, once despised,
Comes to judge the quick and dead,
Sees his foes, each one with horror
Lifting up his guilty head :
How they tremble, &c. &c.
At the Lamb's tremendous bar !

4 Now they see him on the rainbow,
With his countless guards around ;
Saints and angels his retinue,
With their harps of sweetest sound :
Hallelujah, &c. &c.
Echoes sweet from all the choir.

5 Now

JUDGMENT & ETERNITY. 365

5 Now attend the noble army
 Wash'd in their Redeemer's blood ;
 Swift and joyful is their journey
 To the palace of their God !
 All victorious, &c. &c.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb !

6 O ye finners, now give glory
 To the Great Eternal Three !
 While such danger lies before you,
 Can you unconcerned be ?
 Judgment hastens, &c. &c.
 Mercy, mercy now implore !

H Y M N CCCLXVIII.

To be found ready when the Judge appeareth.

1 **O**H! when my righteous Judge shall come,
 To fetch his ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand ?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 So sinful, and unfit to die,
 Be found at thy right-hand ?

2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before Jehovah's feet to bow,
 Though viler than them all :
 But who can bear the piercing thought,
 What, if my name should be left out,
 When he for them shall call !

H h 3

3 Dear

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- 3 Dear Lord, prevent it by thy grace :
 Oh ! let me see thy smiling face,
 In this my gracious day :
 Thy pard'ning voice, Oh ! let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear ;
 Nor let me fall away.
- 4 Among thy saints let me found,
 Whene'er th' Archangel's trump shall found,
 To see thy smiling face :
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 Till heav'n's resounding mansions ring
 The riches of thy grace.

H Y M N CCCLXIX.

- 1 **E**TERNITY ! tremendous word,
 Home-striking point, heart-piercing sword,
 Beginning without ending !
 Eternity ! without a shore,
 Where e'er thy fiery billows roar,
 What is thy sight portending ;
 One glimpse of thine unfathom'd deep,
 Would rouse a wretch from sinful sleep.
- 2 Eternity ! how long, how long,
 Thou seizest senses, heart and tongue,
 With panic, fear and terror,
 When I revolve thy dreadful chains,
 In that abyss of endless pains,
 I'm overwhelm'd with horror :
 What's in this life of misery,
 So awful as eternity !

3 Should

JUDGMENT & ETERNITY. 367

- 3 Should hell endure as many years,
As many men this world of tears
Has seen since the creation ;
As many stars adorn the sky,
As many leaves the woods supply,
You'd hope for its cessation.
This sum of ages would but be
One moment to eternity.
- 4 But having spent in endless fears
So many thousand thousand years,
Thy scene is still beginning ;
When thou hast suffer'd all these times
The just reward of wilful crimes,
Thy thread ne'er ceases spinning ;
Th' eternal Now, who can unfold ?
'Tis ever new, but never old.
- 5 Awake and rise from sinful sleep !
Bethink thyself, thou straying sheep !
Return by true repentance ;
Arise, thy wicked ways amend,
The glass of life runs to its end ;
Then dread the fatal sentence :
Perhaps within few minutes breath,
Thou'rt snatch'd away by sudden death.

H Y M N CCCLXX.

- 1 **E**TERNITY ! delightful sound !
Where real joys are to be found,
And scenes of endless glory ;
O life ! where pleasures ever roll,
Thy foretaste entertains my soul,
With bliss not transitory :

Come

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Come all, who long for heav'n on earth,
You'll find it in the second birth.

2 Eternity ! thy endless length
Inspires my soul with Christian strength,
To bear these short afflictions ;
Confid'ring thine eternal bliss,
I'll slight this world's calamities,
And constant contradictions ;
Whilst there I fix my longing soul,
Where blissful years for ever roll.

3 If you would balance all the pain
And torments of the martyrs slain,
E'en from the fall of Adam ;
With that surpassing glorious Prize,
Reserv'd for saints in Paradise,
Past mortal sense to fathom,
They would be found too light and frail
To move, much less to turn the scale.

4 Reflect upon the dreadful coasts
Of hell, and all the frightful ghosts
Tormenting one another !
Where num'rous crouds of sinners lye ;
Tortur'd with keen despair they try
Their consciences to smother :
O ! what surprising grace is this,
Which frees us from that dark abyfs !

5 In heav'n our happy eyes and ears
Shall still enjoy, for endless years,
Transcending scenes of pleasure !
There all the saints in God rejoice,
They love and sing with heart and voice
The praise of God, their treasure !

There

JUDGMENT & ETERNITY. 369

There Christ reveals a greater store
Of bliss than they conceiv'd before.

H Y M N CCCLXXI.

The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His All-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips,
Shall this dread Sentence sound:
And, through the num'rous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?
- 3 " Depart from me accurs'd
" To everlasting flame;
" For rebel angels first prepar'd,
" Where Mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heav'n, before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away!
- 5 But e'er that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the Gospels cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

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- 6 Ye sinners seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find Salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,
 By which the Saviour bled ;
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessing on your head.

H Y M N CCCLXXII.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 **W**HEN the fierce North Wind, with his airy
 forces,
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;
 And the red light'ning, with a storm of hail
 comes ;
 Rushing amain down.
- 2 How the poor Sailors stand amaz'd and tremble !
 While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody
 trumpet,
 Roars a loud on-set to the gaping waters,
 Quick to devour them.
- 3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
 (If things eternal may be like these earthly),
 Such the dire terror when the great Arch-angel
 Shakes the creation.

JUDGMENT & ETERNITY. 371

- 4 Tears the strong Pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
See the Graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em !
- 5 Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worm lyes
Gnawing within them.
- 6 Thoughts like old vultures, prey upon their heart-
strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye be-
holds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling before him.
- 7 Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them head-long
Down to the centre.
- 8 Stop here my fancy ; (all away ye horrid
Doleful ideas) come, arise to Jesus,
How he sits Godlike ! and the saints around him
Thron'd yet adoring.
- 9 O may I fit there, when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the Nations ! then ascend to glory,
While our Hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

HYMNS adapted to singular Occasions.

On a PUBLIC FAST.

H Y M N CCCLXXIII.

In Time of War.

- 1 **G**REAT God of Heav'n and Nature, rise,
And hear our loud united cries :
See Britain bow before thy face
Thro' all her coasts, and seek thy grace.
- 2 No arm of flesh, we make our trust,
Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast;
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and skill are vain.
- 3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
On ev'ry shore, on ev'ry town;
But view us, Lord, with pitying Eye,
And lay 'th uplifted thunder by.
- 4 Forgive the follies of our Times,
And purge the land from all its crimes;
Reform'd, and deck'd with grace divine,
Let prince, and priests, and people shine.
- 5 So shall our God delight to bless,
And crown our arms, with wide success;
Our foes shall dread Jehovah's sword,
And conqu'ring Britains shout the Lord.

HYMN

PUBLIC FAST.

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H Y M N CCCLXXIV.

1 **G**REAT God of Hosts attend our pray'r;
And make the British isles thy care;
To Thee we raise our suppliant cries,
When angry nations round us rise.

2 Fain would they tread our glory down,
And in the dust defile our crown;
Deluge our houses with our blood,
And burn the temples of our God.

3 But midst the thunder of their rage.
We thy protection would engage;
O raise thy saving arm on high,
And bring renew'd deliv'rance nigh.

4 Give ear, ye countries from afar,
Ye proud associate nations hear;
While fix'd on Him, who rules the sky;
Our hearts your threaten'd war defy.

5 Ye people, gird yourselves in vain,
Your scatter'd force unite again;
Again shall all that force be broke,
If God for us but deal the stroke.

6 Now he records our humble tears,
With ardent vows for future years;
And destines for approaching days,
Victorious shouts, and songs of praise.

H Y M N CCCLXXV.

- 1 **W**HEN Abram, full of sacred awe
Before Jehovah stood ;
And, with a humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom su'd ;
- 2 With what success, what wonderful grace,
Was his petition crown'd !
The Lord would spare, if in the place,
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single holy soul,
So rich a boon obtain ?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain !
- 4 Britain, all guilty as she is,
Her numerous saints can boast ;
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can those prayers be lost ?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed,
Gomorrab in its crimes ?
- 6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode ;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land,
For sake us not, O God.

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H Y M N CCCLXXVI.

Confession and Prayer.

- 1 **O**H, may the power which melts the rock,
Be felt by all assembled here!
Or else our service will but mock
The God whom we profess to fear!
- 2 Lord, while thy Judgments shake the land,
Thy peoples eyes are fix'd on thee;
We own thy just, uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.
- 3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care,
On this indulg'd ungrateful spot?
While other nations, far and near,
Have envied and admir'd our lot.
- 4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our enemies have felt,
That God has made our cause his own.
- 5 But Ah! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love:
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
Rebels against his goodness prove.
- 6 His grace despis'd, his pow'r defied,
And legions of the blackest crimes:
Profaneness, riot, lust, and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.

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7 The Lord displeas'd, has rais'd his rod ;
 Ah where are now the faithful few ;
 Who tremb'le for the ark of God.
 And know what Israel ought to do ?

8 Lord, hear thy people every where,
 Who meet to mourn, confess and pray :
 The nation and thy churches spare,
 And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

H Y M N CCCLXXVII.

1 **L**O, gracious God, before thy throne,
 Thy mourning people bend ;
 'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
 Thy dreadful pow'r display ;
 Yet mercy spares the guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.

3 Great God ! and why is Britain spar'd,
 Ungrateful as we are ;
 Oh ! make thy awful warnings heard,
 While mercy cries forbear.

4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise,
 Thro' this apostate isle ;
 What land so favour'd of the skies,
 And yet what land so vile.

- 5 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt, and shame ;
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the Christian name.
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
 Their pleasures they require ;
 And sink with gay indiff'rence down
 To everlasting fire.
- 7 Oh ! turn thou us, Almighty Lord,
 By thy resistless grace ;
 Then shall our hearts receive thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.
- 8 Then should insulting foes invade,
 We need not yield to fear ;
 Secure to never failing aid,
 If God our God is near.

H Y M N CCCLXXVIII.

Moses and Amalek.

- 1 **W**HILE Joshua led the armed bands
 Of Israel forth to war :
 Moses apart, with lifted hands
 Engag'd in humble prayer.
- 2 The armed bands had quickly fail'd,
 And perish'd in the fight ;
 If Moses' pray'r had not prevail'd
 To put the foes to flight.

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- 3 When Moses' hands thro' weakness dropp'd,
The warriors fainted too
Israel's success at once was stop'd,
And Am'lek bolder grew.
- 4 A people, always prone to boast,
Were taught by this suspense,
That not a num'rous armed host
But God, was their defence.
- 5 We now of fleets and armies vaunt,
And ships, and men prepare;
But men like Moses most we want,
To save the state by pray'r.
- 6 Yet, Lord we hope thou hast prepar'd
A hidden few to day :
(The nation's secret strength and guard)
To weep, and mourn, and pray.
- 7 O, hear their pray'rs and grant us aid,
Bid war and discord cease ;
Heal the sad breach which sin has made,
And bless us all with peace.

H Y M N CCCLXXIX.

- 1 **L**ORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united pray'r
For this our sinful land.

- 2 Oft have we, each in private, pray'd
Our country might find grace ;
Now hear the same petitions made
In this appointed place.
- 3 Or, if amongst us some be met,
So careless of their sins ;
They have not cry'd for mercy yet ;
Lord let them now begin.
- 4 Thou, by whose death poor sinner's live,
By whom their pray'rs succeed ;
Thy spirit of supplication give,
And we shall pray indeed.
- 5 We will not slack, nor give thee rest,
But importune thee so ;
That, 'till we shall by thee be blest,
We will not let thee go.
- 6 Great God of Hosts, deliv'rance bring,
Guide those that hold the helm ;
Support the state ; preserve the king ;
And spare the guilty realm.
- 7 Or should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel thy rod ;
May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

8 What-

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- 8 Whatever be our destin'd case,
Accept us in thy Son.
Give us his Gospel, and his Grace,
And then thy will be done.

H Y M N CCCLXXX.

Thanksgiving for National Peace.

- 1 **N**OW let our songs address the God of peace,
Who bids the tumult of the battle cease,
The pointed spears to pruning hooks he bends,
And the broad faulchion in the plowshare ends;
His powerful bands unite contending nations,
In kind embrace, and friendly salutations.
- 2 While we beneath our vines and fig trees sit,
Or thus within thy sacred temple meet;
Accept, great God, the tribute of our song,
And all the mercies of this day prolong,
Then spread thy peaceful word thro' every na-
tion,
That all the earth may hail thy great salvation.

H Y M N CCCLXXXI.

The Conqueror's Song.

- 1 **T**O thy Almighty power we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away,

2 'Tis

P U B L I C F A S T. 381

- 2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their Towers.

- 3 How have we chas'd them thro' the field,
And trod them to the ground;
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found.

- 4 In vain to idol gods they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful, as our God?

- 5 On Kings that reign as David did,
He pours his blessings down,
Secures their honors to their seed,
And well supports their crown.

H Y M N CCCLXXXII.

Thanksgiving for Victory.

- 1 **I**SRUEL rejoice, and Judah sing,
The Lord assumes his throne;
Let Sion own her heavenly king,
And make his glories known.

- 2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd,
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders thro' the world.
- 3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns,
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter when he frowns.
- 4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath,
And legions arm'd with power and pride,
Descend to watery death.
- 5 Let tyrants make no more pretence,
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.
- 6 Long may the king our sov'reign live,
To rule us by his word,
And all the honors he can give,
Be offer'd to the Lord.

On the NEW YEAR.

H Y M N CCCLXXXIII.

1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, we bless thy name,
The same thy pow'r, thy grace the same,
The tokens of thy friendly care,
Open and crown, and close the year.

NEW YEAR.

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- 2 We midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand,
And see when we survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far thy arm has led us on,
Thus far we make thy mercy known,
And, while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 Our grateful songs, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

H Y M N CCCLXXXIV.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail Thee, sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land,
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy

- 4 Thy hand in autumn, richly pours,
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores,
And winters soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise,
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

H Y M N CCCLXXXV.

- 1 **A**LL praise to the Lord,
Whose trumpet we hear,
Who speaks in his word
The festival year:
The loud proclamation
Of freedom from thrall,
And gospel salvation,
Is publish'd to all.
- 2 The year of release
E'en now is begun,
And pardon and peace
With Jesus sent down;

Eternal redemption
Through him we obtain,
And present exemption
From passionate pain.

3 Ye spirits enslav'd,
Your liberty claim,
Believe, and be sav'd
Thro' Jesus's name;
That Infinite Lover
Of sinners embrace,
And gladly recover
His forfeited grace.

4 With joyfulest news
Your prisons resound,
Your fetters are loose,
Your souls are unbound;
Resume the possession
For which we are born,
From Satan's oppression
To heaven return.

H Y M N CCCLXXXVI.

COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, till the Master appear:
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

K k

2 Our

2 Our life is a dream,
 Our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 Oh! that each in the day
 Of his coming may say.
 "I have fought the way through,
 "I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to
 do:"
 Oh! that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done,
 "Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne."

H Y M N CCCLXXXVII.

1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls are found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare
Another, and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd, Let it still alone!
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year,

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
Oh! let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN CCCLXXXVIII.

- 1 **O**NCE more the constant sun,
 Revolving round his sphere,
 His steady course has run,
 And brings another year;
 He rises, sets, but goes not back,
 Nor ever quits his destin'd track.
- 2 What now shall be our task?
 Or rather what our pray'r?
 What good thing shall we ask
 To prosper this new year?
 With one accord our hearts we'll lift,
 And ask our Lord some new-year's gift.
- 3 No trifling gift or small
 Should friends of Christ desire;
 Rich Lord, bestow on all
 Pure gold, well try'd by fire;
 Faith that stands fast, when devils roar,
 And love that lasts for evermore.

HYMN CCCLXXXIX.

Jer. xxviii. 16.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, thy constant care
 With blessings crown each op'ning year;
 This guilty life dost thou prolong,
 And wake anew my annual song.

- 2 How many precious souls are fled,
To the vast regions of the dead;
Since, from this day, the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run?
- 3 We yet survive, but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
He shall retain his vital breath,
Thus far at least, in league with death?
- 4 That breath is thine, Eternal God,
'Tis thine to fix the souls abode;
We hold our life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To Thee our spirits we resign,
O make and own them still as thine,
So shall they smile secure from fear,
Tho' death should blast the rising year.

H Y M N CCCXC.

- 1 **A**ND now my soul, another year
Of thy short life is pass'd,
I cannot long continue here,
And *this* may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again,
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

390 At ANNIVERSARY SERMONS.

- 3 Awake, my soul with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn,
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern!
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend,
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

At ANNIVERSARY SERMONS "
YOUNG PEOPLE.

H Y M N CCCXCI.

Pious Education.

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace,
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Thro' ev'ry rising race.

At ANNIVERSARY SERMONS. 391

- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone,
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

H Y M N CCCXCII.

Prayer for a Blessing.

- 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But fairest in the youngest shews,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast;
Or half the crimes which you have done,
Would rob you of your rest.

392 At ANNIVERSARY SERMONS.

- 5 For you the public pray'r is made;

Oh! join the public pray'r!

For you the secret tear is shed;

O shed yourselves a tear.

- 6 We pray that you may early prove

The Spirit's power to teach;

You cannot be too young to love,

That Jesus, whom we preach.

H Y M N CCCXCIII.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord, our children see,

By thy Mercy we are free;

But shall these, alas! remain

Subjects still of Satan's reign?

Israel's young ones, when of old,

Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold,

Then thy messenger said, "No;

"Let the children also go."

- 2 When the angel of the Lord,

Drawing forth his dreadful sword;

Slew, with an avenging hand,

All the first born of the land:

Then thy peoples doors he pass'd,

Where the bloody sign was plac'd;

Hear us now upon our knees,

Plead the blood of CHRIST for these.

- 3 Lord we tremble, for we know

How the fierce malicious foe;

Wheeling round his watchful flight,

Keeps them ever in his sight:

Spread

At ANNIVERSARY SERMONS. 393

Spread thy pinions, King of Kings,
Hide them safe beneath thy wings ;
Lest the rav'nous bird of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

H Y M N CCCXCIV.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of thy blood bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep ;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves and look on thee.
- 2 Let the minds of all our youth,
Feel the force of sacred truth ;
While the Gospel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

H Y M N CCCXCV.

- 1 **L**ORD while we hear thy word of grace,
Let self and pride before it fall,
And rocky hearts dissolve apace
In streams of sorrow at thy call.
- 2 On all our youth assembled here,
The unction of thy spirit pour ;
Nor let them loose another year,
Lest thou should'st strive and call no more.

H Y M N

394 At ANNIVERSARY SERMONS.

H Y M N CCCXCVI.

Waiting at Wisdom's Gates.

- 1 **E**NSNAR'D too long, my heart has been
In folly's hurtful ways;
Oh! may I now, at length begin,
To hear what Wisdom says.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, from the mercy seat,
Invites me to his rest:
He calls poor sinners to his feet
To make them truly blest.
- 3 Approach my soul to wisdom's gates
while it is call'd to day;
No one who watches there and waits
Shall 'ere be turn'd away.
- 4 He will not let me seek in vain,
For all, who trust his word;
Shall everlasting life obtain,
And favor from the LORD.
- 5 LORD, I have hated thee too long,
And dar'd thee to thy face;
I've done my soul exceeding wrong
In slighting all thy grace.
- 6 Now I would break my league with death,
And live to thee alone;
Oh! let thy spirit's, seal of faith
Secure me for thine own.

7 Let

- 1 Let all the saints assemb'ed here,
 Yea, let all heaven rejoice,
 That I begin with this new year,
 To make the LORD my choice.

M O R N I N G.

H Y M N CCCXCVII.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my drowsy soul,
 These airy visions chase;
 Awake, my active power's renew'd,
 To run the heav'nly race.
- 2 See how the mounting sun,
 Pursues his shining way,
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
 With every bright'ning ray.
- 3 Thus would my rising soul
 Its heavenly Parent sing,
 And to its great Original,
 The humble tribute bring.
- 4 Serene I laid me down
 Beneath his guardian care,
 I slept and I awoke, and found
 My kind preserver near.

5 Thus does thine arm support
 This weak defenceless frame;
 But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
 All worthless as I am?

6 Oh! how shall I repay,
 The bounties of my God?
 This feeble spirit pants beneath
 The pleasing, painful load.

7 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
 I bring my sacrifice,
 Tint'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
 With fragrance to the skies.

8 My life I would anew,
 Devote, O Lord, to thee,
 And in thy service I would spend
 A long eternity.

H Y M N CCCXCVIII.

1 **O**NCE more my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes;
 Once more my voice, thy tribute pay,
 To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heav'ns, on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.

- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise,
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays:
- 4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet he lengthens out our thread,
And yet our moments run.
- 5 Great God, let all our hours be thine,
Whilst we enjoy the light,
Then shall our sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

H Y M N CCCXCIX.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, adore thy maker;
Angels praise,
Join thy lays,
With them be partaker,
- 2 Father, Lord of ev'ry spirit,
In thy light
Lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.
- 3 Never cast me from thy presence,
Till my soul
Shall be full
Of thy blessed essence.

4 O my Jesus, God Almighty,

Pray for me,

Till I see

Thee in Salem's city.

5 Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,

Be my guide,

Lest my pride

Shut me out of heaven.

6 Thou this night wast my protector,

With me stay

All the day,

Ever my director.

7 Holy, holy, holy Giver

Of all good,

Life and food,

Reign ador'd for ever.

H Y M N CCCC.

1 **W**ITH thee, great God, the stores of light,
And stores of darkness lie,
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.

2 And when, with welcome slumbers press'd,
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.

EVENING.

399

3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met
 Their long eternal doom,
 And lost the joys of morning light,
 In death's tremendous gloom.

4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
 And still their woes bewail,
 While we by thy kind hand uprais'd,
 A thousand pleasures feel.

5 To Thee, great God, in thankful songs,
 Our morning thoughts arise;
 Propitious in thy Son accept,
 The willing sacrifice.

EVENING.

HYMN CCCI.

1 **S**LEEP, downy sleep, come close mine eyes,
 Tir'd with beholding vanities;
 Welcome sweet sleep, that drives away,
 The toils and follies of the day.

2 On thy soft bosom will I lie,
 Forget the world, and learn to die;
 O Israel's watchful shepherd spread,
 Thine angel-tents around my bed.

3 Clouds and thick darkness veil thy throne,
 Its awful glories all unknown;
 O! dart from thence one cheering ray,
 And turn my midnight into day.

L 1 2

4 Thus

- 4 Thus when the morn, in crimson dress'd,
Breaks from the chambers of the east;
My grateful songs of praise shall rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

H Y M N CCCCII.

- 1 **E**RE I sleep, for ev'ry favour
This day, shew'd
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.
- 2 O my Lord what shall I render
To thy name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender!
- 3 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.
- 4 Visit me with thy salvation;
Let thy care
Now be near,
Round my habitation.
- 5 Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me with all thy power.

EVENING.

401

- 6 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
 Let me rise
 With the wife,
 Counted in their number.

H Y M N CCCCIII.

- 1 **S**OFT season of repose,
 Thy sable curtains spread;
 Come downy sleep, and stretch thy wings
 Around my weary head.
- 2 But Oh! the lawless range,
 With which my thoughts have stray'd,
 Through mazy paths of sense and sin,
 From morn to evening shade.
- 3 Ah! born to nobler ends,
 My soul no more pursue
 These fleeting vanities of life,
 But bid the world adieu.
- 4 Thy pity, gracious God,
 Thy pardon I implore;
 Oh! heal the follies of my mind,
 And aid me with thy power.
- 5 Be thou my friendly guard,
 While slum'bring on my bed,
 And with thy sacred teachings, fill
 The visions of my head.

- 6 When morning's gladfome rays,
 Salute my waking eyes;
 All vigorous may my soul to thee,
 In grateful songs arise.
- 7 Devoted to thy fear,
 Thy service, and thy praise;
 My God, I would be wholly thine,
 The remnant of my days.

H Y M N CCCCIV.

- 1 **O** GOD, the hour of sleep's at hand;
 My spirit calls for rest:
 Oh! that my pillow may be found
 The dear Redeemer's breast.
- 2 This night, my longing soul with Christ
 Would take up her abode;
 I would be happily divest
 Of ev'ry thing but God.
- 3 The nightly watches would I spend
 In fellowship above;
 And hold communion with my Lord,
 And feast upon his love.
- 4 Whilst in the hours of deep repose,
 My spirit seeks to fly
 Where Jesus keeps his heav'nly feast,
 And banquets in the sky.

- 5 When dead unto the world I am,
I'd be alive to God,
And rest my soul in his embrace,
Who bought me with his blood.
- 6 Oh! may I then, of Christ, this night,
Be happily possess'd;
Have angel-troops surround my bed,
And Jesus for my guest.

H Y M N CCCCX.

- 1 **D**READ sov'reign, let my evening son,
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Tho' all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found.
- 4 What have I done for him that dy'd,
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my moments roll!

5 Lord,

- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
 To thy dear cross I flee,
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
 As in th' embraces of my God,
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

GRACES before and after MEAT.

H Y M N CCCCVI.

- 1 **P**RAISE him, who by his word
 Supplies our ev'ry need,
 And gives us Christ the Lord,
 Our fainting souls to feed:
 Thanks be to God, whose Son we feel,
 His gift unknown, unspeakable.
- 2 The gospel mystery,
 Unknown to ages past,
 The hidden Manna, we
 In Jesu's mercy taste:
 Thanks be to God, whose Son we feel,
 His gift unknown, unspeakable.

- 3 Oh ! that the world might prove
Our happiness divine,
And in the song of love,
With all his people join :
Thanks be to God, whose Son we feel,
His gift unknown, unspeakable.

H Y M N CCCCVII.

- 1 **G**LORY, love, and praise, and honour,
For our food,
Now bestow'd,
Render we the donor.
- 2 Bount'ous God, we now confess thee ;
God, who thus
Blessest us ;
Meet it is to bless thee.
- 3 Knows the ox his master's stable ;
And shall we
Not know thee,
Nourish'd at thy table ?
- 4 Yes ; of all good gifts the Giver,
Thee we own,
Thee alone
Magnify for ever.

H Y M N CCCCVIII.

1 **O** Father of all,
 Who fille'st with good
 The ravens that call
 On thee for their food,
 Them ready to perish,
 Thou lov'st to sustain;
 And wilt thou not cherish
 The children of men?

2 On thee we depend,
 Our wants to supply,
 Whose goodness shall send
 Us bread from the sky;
 On earth thou shalt give us
 A taste of thy love,
 And shortly receive us,
 To banquet above.

H Y M N CCCCIX.

1 **T**HOU Saviour divine, most graciously blest
 These mercies of thine with wonderful
 grace,
 That, while we are feeding on temporal food,
 Our souls may be praising and blessing of God.

H Y M N CCCCX.

- 1 **B**E present at our table, Lord,
Be here and ev'ry where ador'd;
Thy creatures bleſs; and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

H Y M N CCCCXI.

- 1 **W**E bleſs thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more for Jeſu's fleſh and blood;
The Manna to our ſpirits giv'n,
The living bread ſent down from heav'n.
Praise ſhall our grateful lips employ,
While life and plenty we enjoy:
Till worthy we adore thy name,
While banqueting with Chriſt, the Lamb.

GLORIA

G L O R I A P A T R I.

GLORY to the Almighty Lord,
 Who gave to all things breath ;
 Glory unto the gracious Word,
 Who sav'd us by his death ;
 Glory unto the Spirit be,
 By whom do all things move ;
 All glory to the Trinity,
 One glorious God above.

TO God, the Father, King supreme,
 And Christ, who did his Church redeem,
 And to the Holy Ghost,
 In essence One, in persons Three,
 Immortal Praise and Glory be,
 By all the heav'nly host.

GIVE Glory to God, ye children of men,
 And publish abroad, again and again ;
 The Son's glorious Merit, the Father's free grace,
 The Gifts of the Spirit, to Adam's lost race.

YE Sons of Men, your voices raise,
 And sing th' eternal Father's Praise,
 And glorify the Son,
 Give Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 And join with all th' angelick host,
 To bless the great Three-One.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him all creatures here below :
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



A P P E N D I X.

H Y M N CCCCXII.

• *Which things the Angels desire to look into.*

1 Pet. i. 12.

1 **B**EYOND the glitt'ring starry globe,
Beyond the stormy hills ;
There, in the boundless realms of light
Our great Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of Angels round his throne
In countless armies shine,
At his right hand with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.

M m

3 Hail

* The above Hymn would have been inserted under the Title of Redemption, had it not been mislaid when those Hymns went to press.

3 Hail glorious Prince of peace, they cry,
 Whose unexampled love
 Mov'd thee to quit these glorious realms,
 And royalty above.

4 Whilst thou didst condescend on earth,
 To suffer rude disdain;
 They cast their honors at thy feet,
 And waited in thy train.

5 Thro' all his travels here below,
 They did his steps attend;
 Oft gaz'd and wonder'd, where at last
 This scene of love would end.

6 They saw his heart transfixt with wounds,
 And view'd the crimson gore:
 They saw him break the bars of death,
 Which none ere broke before.

7 They brought his chariot from above,
 To bear him to his throne;
 Clapt their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
 The glorious work is done.

H Y M N CCCCXIII.

Psalm xxiii.

1 **T**HE Lord, my pasture, shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and flow
Amidst the verdant landscape flow.

- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pain beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N CCCCXIV.

The Sinner's Wish.

1 **A** GAIN, indulgent Lord, I come;
Again to tell my wants presume:
I want to know thee as thou art;
I want to find thee in my heart.

2 I want to feel I die to sin;
I would no longer live therein:
No earthly bliss can do me good,
I want the balm of Jesu's blood.

M m 2

3 I want

- 3 I want acquaintance with the Lamb,
To know the virtues of his name;
I want assurance of my faith;
I want a conquest over death.
- 4 I want to be made free indeed,
And trample on the serpent's head;
I want my wants to be supply'd,
And have ten thousand wants beside.
- 5 I want—I want my wants to know;
I want in faith and hope to grow:
I want **THYSELF**! this favor grant,
And thou hast granted all I want.

H Y M N CCCCXV.

I will mention the loving Kindness of the Lord.
Isaiah lxiii, 7.

- 1 **A** WAKE my soul in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving kindness is so free.
- 2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
And lov'd me notwithstanding all:
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness is so great.
- 3 When I was Satan's easy prey,
And did in debt and bondage lay;
He pai his life for my discharge,
His loving kindness is so large.

- 4 Thro' many hosts of mighty foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness is so strong.

- 5 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud;
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness is so good.

- 6 When I my daily crosses meet,
His presence makes those crosses sweet:
Thro' him I all things can endure,
His loving kindness is so sure.

- 7 When earthly friends forsake me quite,
And I have neither skill nor might;
He for my help does then appear;
His loving kindness is so near.

- 8 Upon his arm, do I depend,
He is my tri'd and faithful friend;
And he will guide me safely thro',
His loving kindness is so true.

- 9 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And tho' I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changeth not.

- 10 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
And all my mortal powers fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death.

- 11 Then shall I mount and soar away,
 To the bright world of endless day;
 And sing with rapture and surprize,
His loving kindness in the skies.
- 12 There with the golden harps I'll join,
 And with their Anthems mingle mine;
 And loudly sound on every chord,
The loving kindness of the Lord.

H Y M N CCCCXVI.

Psalm xc.

- 1 **O** God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
 Still may we dwell secure ;
 Sufficient is thy arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carry'd downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the op'ning day,

5 O God,

- 5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard, while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

H Y M N CCCCXVII.

For the Spring.

- 1 **H**AIL, hail, reviv'd, reviving spring,
Fair type of heav'n's eternal year ;
While nature's works thy praises sing,
Lo, gratitude salutes thee here,
- 2 Swell, gently swell the solemn song,
Now pour the bounding notes along ;
Teach choirs below to choirs above,
To echo back the common lay ;
And as they praise unbounded love,
To join in bounty's holiday.

C H O R U S.

- 3 To God the universal king,
Be sacred ev'ry grateful choir ;
In endless hymns all praises sing,
That endless bounty can inspire.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCCXVIII.

Psalm xxiii. 2.

- 1 **B**EAR me to the sacred scene,
 The silent streams and pastures green,
 Where the chrystal waters shine,
 Springing up with life divine;
 Where the flocks of Israel feed,
 Guided by their shepherd's tread;
 And ev'ry sheep delights to hide
 Under the tree where Jesus dy'd.

H Y M N CCCCXIX.

Psalm c.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone!
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll

- 3 We'll crow'd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

H Y M N CCCCXX.

Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **W**HOM have I in heav'n but thee,
 That can thy creature bless?
 What were all the earth to me,
 If a stranger to thy peace?
 All is vanity but Christ,
 Pain, and darkness, and despair,
 Rankling in a sinner's breast,
 Till thou art present there.
- 2 If my Lord his love reveal,
 No other bliss I want;
 He my ev'ry wound can heal,
 And silence each complaint:
 He that suffer'd in my stead
 Must the great Physician be;
 I cannot be comforted,
 Till comforted by thee.

3 Thee, thou know'st, I wish to love,
 For which thy name I bless;
 Pour thy Spirit from above
 Upon my waiting fleece,
 Gentle as descending dew,
 Welcome as reviving show'rs,
 Let him my election shew,
 And gild my gloomy hours.

4 Yet, if so thou see'st fit,
 'Tis best for me to mourn;
 Still my hold I cannot quit,
 Nor from my refuge turn:
 This, through grace, my song shall be,
 As I to thy kingdom go,
 Whom have I in heav'n but thee?
 And whom but thee below?

H Y M N CCCCXXI.

Psalm cxliv. 15.

1 **L**ORD, how divinely blest
 Are they whom thou hast chose,
 And call'd by grace on thee to rest,
 And giv'n them sweet repose!

2 Howe'er distrest and poor,
 Yet still they have enough;
 For they've a rich exhaustless store,
 The world knows nothing of.

3 There

- 3 There they can turn their eyes,
In ev'ry new distress;
And thence, by faith, fetch fresh supplies,
And ev'ry want redress.
- 4 Faith lifts their drooping hearts,
And banishes their fears,
New life and vigour it imparts,
And wipes their flowing tears
- 5 They live like strangers here,
Fearless of what may come;
For ev'ry wind, how cross so e'er,
Conveys them nearer home.
- 6 Tho' friends as well as foes
Sometimes their peace assail,
Yet none can break their sweet repose,
If Jesus on them smile.

H Y M N CCCCXXII.

Psalm lxvi. 16.

- 1 **C**OME, all who fear the Lord,
Come, all who love his name,
Come, all who are by Christ restor'd,
And hear his deeds of fame.
- 2 My thankful lips shall tell
What he has done for me;
My soul he hath redeem'd from hell,
And set the pris'ner free!
- 3 Though

- 3 Though nought but loathsome stains
 Upon my soul were found,
 Yet, in the blood of Jesu's veins,
 He all my sins hath drown'd!
- 4 And now with glad surprize
 I see my guilt forgiv'n;
 For Jesu's bloody sacrifice
 Has bought my peace with heav'n!
- 5 Though unconcern'd I stood
 On brink of endless woe,
 The matchless mercy of my God
 Refus'd to let me go!
- 6 He stopt my dreadful course,
 Or headlong I had fell,
 And plung'd myself, without remorse,
 Down to the lowest hell!
- 7 Astonish'd here I stand,
 To see that horror past,
 And sing the pow'r of his right-hand,
 That held my feet so fast!
- 8 Now in his arms I lie,
 Nor death nor danger fear;
 While I by faith on him rely,
 His help is ever near.

H Y M N CCCCXXIII.

The Christian Soldier.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endu'd;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome, thro' Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
- 3 Let truth the girdle be,
That binds your armour on;
In faithful, firm sincerity,
To Jesus cleave alone:
Let faith and love combine
To guard your valiant breast;
The plate be righteousness divine,
Imputed and imprest.

- 4 Your rock can never shake ;
Hither he faith come up ;
The helmet of salvation take,
The confidence of hope :
Hope for his perfect love,
Hope for his peoples rest,
Hope to set down with Christ above,
And share the marriage feast.
- 5 But above all lay hold
On faith's victorious shield ;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
We're sure to win the field :
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdu'd,
Repel'd his ev'ry fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesu's blood.
- 6 Jesus hath dy'd for you,
What can his love withstand ?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand ?
Believe that Jesus reigns,
All pow'r to him is giv'n ;
Believe, till freed from sin's remains,
Believe yourselves to heav'n.
- 7 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,
And win the well fought-day :
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, come,
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,
And takes the conqu'rors home.

H Y M N CCCCXXIV.

Wrestling Jacob.

- 1 **C**OME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee :
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare ;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there :
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art thou the man that dy'd for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold,
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;
To know it now, resolv'd I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

- 5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
 Or touch the hollow of my thigh;
 Though ev'ry sinew be unstrung,
 Out of my arms thou shalt not fly:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 6 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
 Jesus, thee feeble sinners friend;
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay, and love me to the end:
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

H Y M N CCCCXXV.

At Recommending a Minister.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, inspire our praises,
 Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues;
 While we laud the name of Jesus,
 Heav'n will gladly share our songs:
 Hosts of angels, bright and glorious,
 While we hymn our common King,
 Will be pleas'd to join the chorus,
 And the Lord himself shall sing.
- 2 Happy soul! that hear and follows
 Jesus speaking in his word;
 Paul and Cephas, and Apollos,
 All are his in Christ the Lord:

Ev'ry

Ev'ry state, howe'er distressing,
 Shall be profit in the end ;
 Ev'ry ordinance a blessing,
 Ev'ry providence a friend.

3 Christian, dost thou want a teacher,
 Helper, counsellor, or guide?
 Would'st thou find a proper preacher?
 Ask thy God, and he'll provide:
 Build on no man's parts or merit,
 But behold the gospel plan;
 Jesus send his Holy Spirit,
 And the Spirit sends the man.

4 Bless, dear Lord, each lab'ring servant,
 Bless the work they undertake ;
 Make them able, faithful, fervent,
 Bless them for thy churches sake:
 All things for our good are giv'n,
 Comforts, crosses, staffs, or rods ;
 All is ours in earth and heaven,
 We are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

H Y M N CCCCXXVI.

Heb. xi. 10.

1 **O**F Jesus I'll sing,
 My Captain and King,
 Who maketh the land with his victories ring.

- 2 Recruiting he goes,
And trumpets he blows,
And gleaneth up Soldiers amongst his sworn foes.
- 3 He will have a band
Of men to command,
Call'd up by his standard, and train'd by his hand.
- 4 He takes and he tries
All sexes and fize,
But such as are little look best in his eyes.
- 5 The stately and tall
Must shrink into small,
Before they can learn to do duty at all.
- 6 A rare suit of cloaths
The Captain bestows,
And none but the wearers the excellence knows.
- 7 Upon his own ground
A balsam is found, [wound,
Which knits a bone broken, and heals a bad
- 8 All weapons of war
He forms by his care,
And teacheth his Soldiers all hardships to bear.
- 9 A cowardly crew
They seem at first view,
But, led by their Captain, great feats they will do.
- 10 By day and by night
With evil they fight,
And never are foil'd when the Captain's in fight.
- 11 Train'd

- 11 Train'd up for a crown,
They sing and march on, [done.
And fight till the Captain pronounces, " Well
- 12 That blessed word cheers
My heart and mine ears,
As soon as my warfare is finished here.
- 13 Till then give me hope,
To prop my heart up
And list my poor neighbours to make a new troop

H Y M N CCCCXXVII.

Eph. ii. 13.

- 1 **O**F him who did salvation bring,
Lord may we ever think and sing!
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo 'tis giv'n;
Ask and he turns your hell to heav'n;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesu, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring;
Thou conquer'st all, beneath, above,
Devils by force, and men with love:

- 4 To purge our sins, Christ shed his blood,
 He dy'd to bring us near to God:
 Let all the world fall down, and know
 That none but God such love could show.

H Y M N CCCCXXVIII.

Rev. vii. 14, 15.

- 1 **W**HAT are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun,
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne?
 These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their master stood,
 Suff'ers in his righteous cause,
 Foll'wers of the dying God.

- 2 He that on the throne doth reign,
 Them the Lamb shall always feed,
 With the Tree of Life sustain,
 To the living fountain lead;
 He shall all their sorrows chase,
 All their wants at once remove;
 Wipe the tears from ev'ry face,
 Fill up ev'ry soul with love.

- 3 Saints, begin the endless song,
 Cry aloud, in heav'nly lays,
 Glory doth to God belong,
 God the glorious Saviour praise:
 Render we our God his right,
 Glory, wisdom, thanks, and pow'r,
 Honour, majesty, and might;
 Praise him, praise him evermore.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCCXXIX.

“ Hinder me not,” Gen. xxiv. 56.

WHEN Abram’s servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went;
Rebekah met his suit preferr’d,
Her parents gave consent.

2 Yet for ten days at least they urg’d,
His journey to delay :
Hinder me not, the man reply’d,
Since God has sped my way.

3 So cries my soul, whom lovely Christ,
Unto himself did wed,
Hinder me not, nor friends nor foes,
Since God my way has sped.

4 Stay, says the world, a little while,
And taste my pleasures sweet;
Hinder me not, my soul replies,
Because the way is great.

Stay, satan, my old master cries,
Or force shall thee detain ;
Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God has broke thy chain.

In all my Lord’s appointed ways
My journey I’ll pursue ;
Hinder me not, my brethren dear,
For I must go with you.

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Or force shall thee detain;
Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God has broke thy chain.

6 In all my Lord’s appointed ways
My journey I’ll pursue;
Hinder me not, my brethreh dear,
For I must go with you.

7 Thro’

- 7 Thro' floods or flames, if Jesus leads,
 I'll go where e'er he goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
 Let who so will oppose.
- 8 Thro' duty and thro' trials all,
 I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.
- 9 When Christ's own servant calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be ;
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
 I'll gladly go with thee.

H Y M N CCCCXXX.

Heb. xi. 14, 15, 16.

- 1 **O** Tell me no more
 Of this world's vain store ;
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
- 2 A country I've found,
 Where true joys abound ;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
- 3 The souls that believe,
 In Paradise live ;
 And me in that number will Jesus receive.
- 4 My soul, don't delay,
 He calls thee away ;
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

- 5 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, peace, and comfort ; go after him, go.
- 6 And when I'm to die,
“ Receive me,” I'll cry ;
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.
- 7 And now I'm in care
My neighbours may share
These blessings ; to seek them will none of you
dare ?
- 8 In bondage, O why,
And death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh ?

H Y M N CCCCXXXI.

Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 **T**HE Fountain of Christ assist me to sing,
The Blood of our Priest, our crucify'd
king ;
Which perfectly cleanses from sin, and from filth ;
And richly dispenses salvation, and health,
- 2 This Fountain so dear he'll freely impart ;
Unlock'd by the spear, it gush'd from his heart,
With blood, and with water, the first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter, the Fountain's but one,

3 This

- 3 This Fountain, sick soul, recovers thee quite ;
Bathe here, and be whole ; wash here, and be
white ;
Whatever diseases or dangers befall,
The Fountain of Jesus will rid thee of all.
- 4 This Fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure ;
But if guilt removed, return, and remain,
It's pow'r may be proved again and again.
- 5 This fountain unseal'd stands open for all,
That long to be heal'd, the great and the small ;
Here's strength for the weakly, that hither are
led ;
Here's health for the sickly, here's life for the
dead.
- 6 This fountain tho' rich, from charge is quite clear ;
The poorer the wretch the welcomer here :
Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome and
bare ;
You can't come to filthy, come just as you are.
- 7 This Fountain in vain has never been try'd,
It takes out all stain whenever apply'd :
The water flows sweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls compleatly, tho' leprous as mine.

H Y M N C C C C X X X I I .

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliv'rer, strong deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and Hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.
- 4 Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heav'nly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing;
Come, my Jesus, quickly come:
Vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with thee.

HYMN CCCCXXXIII.

Mack xviii. 38.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,
O may I scorn it more and more.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
May ev'ning blush to own a star;
Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
May midnight blush to think of noon.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! of that friend,
On whom for heav'n my hopes depend,
No; if I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
Or no immortal soul to save.
- 5 Till then (nor is the boasting vain)
Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And oh! may this my portion be,
That Saviour's not asham'd of me.

HYMN CCCCXXXIV.

The God of Abraham.

1 **T**HE GOD of Abra'm praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above,
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love:
 Jehovah, Great I Am!
 By earth and heav'n confess'd,
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever bless'd.

2 The GOD of Abra'm praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand:
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tow'r.

3 The GOD of Abra'm praise,
 Whose All-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all my ways:
 He calls a worm his friend!
 He calls himself my God!
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Thro' Jesu's blood.

- 4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on eagles wings up-borne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.
- 5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command:
The wat'ry deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And thro' the howling wilderness
My way pursue.
- 6 The goodly land I see
With peace and plenty bless'd,
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.
- 7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace:
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

8 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride :
With streams of sacred bliss,
With grapes of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

9 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land :
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

10 The God, who reigns on high,
The great Archangels sing,
And holy, holy, holy, cry,
Almighty King !
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be ;
Jehovah, Father, Great I Am !
We worship thee.

11 Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow,
O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty grace,
For ever new :
He shews his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame !
And sound, through all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.

- 12 The whole triumphant host,
 Give thanks to God on high;
 Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 They ever cry:
 Hail, Abra'm's God and mine!
 I join the heav'nly lays,
 All Might and Majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

H Y M N CCCCXXXV.

Meditation.

- 1 **B**ENEATH the shadow of a tree,
 That grows upon Mount Calvary,
 Oft do I sit serene and blest,
 A sweet composure fills my breast.
- 2 No discontent, or anxious care,
 Attempts to interrupt me there;
 But if I once forsake the shade,
 A troop of ill's my breast invade.
- 3 Under the cross this gift is found,
 This spot alone is holy ground;
 Here would my wond'ring soul abide,
 Still gazing on my Saviour's side.
- 4 Here I survey the bleeding God,
 Who kindly took the Sinner's load;
 The treasures of his Grace admire,
 Scan them distinct, and never tire.

5 How sweet his fruit proves to my taste,
Love, love eternal, the repast;
Lord, couldst thou love, and couldst thou die,
For such a sinful worm as I!

6 Let me the silent post possess,
Let me enjoy my sweet recess,
Others may snatch what they admire,
My soul hath all she can desire.

H Y M N CCCCXXXVI:

Isaiah xxxv. 8, 9, 10:

1 JESUS, my All, to heav'n is gone,
Him whom I fix my hope upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy Prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world or sin;
No lion, no devouring care;
No sin or sorrow shall be there.

- 4 No; nothing may go up thereon,
But trav'ling souls, Lord make me one;
Wayfaring men, to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.
- 5 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long hath been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 6 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I stumbled yet and sin'd the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the Way.
- 7 Lo! glad I come to thee, blest Lamb,
And thou shalt take me as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 8 Then will I tell, to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point them to redeeming blood,
And cry, Behold the way to God

H Y M N CCCCXXXVII.

Praising the Glory of the Grace of God.

- 1 **G**RACE, how exceeding sweet to those
Who feel they sinners are;
Sunk and distressed they taste and know
Their heav'n is only there.

2 Thus

- 2 Thus Grace, Free-Grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come who will;
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.
- 3 We thirst, O Lord, give us each day
To taste more of this Grace;
More of that stream which from the Rock
Flow'd through the wilderness.
- 4 Where'er eternal life is giv'n,
This thirst the same will be,
The heart will after Jesus pant
To all eternity.
- 5 'Tis Grace alone that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And O that nothing else but Grace
May rule for evermore.

H Y M N CCCCXXXVIII.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.
- 2 Thy are justify'd by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away;
They shall stand in God's great day.
- 3 They

- 3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heav'nly birth;
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within.
- 4 They have fellowship with God,
Thro the Mediator's blood;
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun.
- 5 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in eternity.

H Y M N CCCCXXXIX.

Free-Grace,

- 1 **F**REE-GRACE to ev'ry heav'n-born soul
Will be a constant theme;
Long as eternal ages roll,
We'll still adore the Lamb.
- 2 Free-Grace alone can wipe the tears
From our lamenting eyes,
Can raise our souls from guilty fears,
To joy that never dies.
- 3 Free-Grace can death itself outbrave,
And take its sting away,
Can souls unto the utmost save,
And them to heav'n convey.

4 Our

4 Our Saviour, by Free-Grace alone,
His building shall complete,
With shouting bring forth the head stone,
Crying, Grace, Grace to it.

5 May I be found a living-stone,
In Salem's streets above,
And help to sing before the throne,
Free-Grace, and dying love.

H Y M N CCCCXL.

Cant. ii. 10, 11, 17.

1 **T**HE voice of my Beloved sound's,
While o'er the mountain tops he bounds;
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my soul with transport fills:
Gently doth he chide my stay,
Rise, my love, and come away.

2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
The rain is gone, the winter's past,
The lovely vernal flowers appear,
The feather'd choir invite our ear:
Now with sweetly, pensive moan,
Coos the turtle dove alone.

3 Come, my Belov'd, O come away,
Love, is impatient of delay;

Run

Run like a youthful hart, or roe,
On hills, where precious spices grow ;
Love is impatient of delay,
Come, my Belov'd, O come away.

HYMN

CCCCXLI.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, my dearest Lord, I see,
That daily I have need of thee;
Yea, ev'ry moment thee I want,
Thy presence ev'ry moment grant.
- 2 If I but speak, or think amiss,
Or in the least thy will transgress,
My fault, my tender Shepherd shew,
And always teach me what to do.
- 3 I know what's mine is sin ; thy blood
Had need wash all to make it good ;
Yea, all my pray'rs but filthy are,
And hell-deserving ev'ry tear.
- 4 Into thy hands I give my pray'rs,
And on thy feet I pour my tears ;
O wash them, Jesus, in thy blood,
And then present them to my God.

H Y M N CCCCXLII.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wing,
 'Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rds heav'n thy native place :
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stop in all their course,
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies ;
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be giv'n,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heaven.

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F I N I S.



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M DCC LXXXII.

